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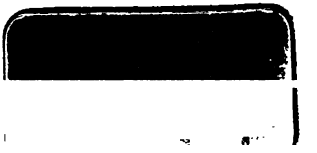

DEATH'S VISION
REPRESENTED
IN A
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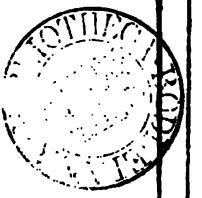
POEM.



Writ at the requeſt of the famous Mr. *John Lock*

Omnes Una manet Nox,
Et Calcanda ſemel Via Lethi.

--------Aut Ego Lecto
Aut Scripto Quod me Tacitum juvet.----- Hor.

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THE PREFACE.

'TIS Satyr has lately been All-a-mode. 'Tis that, the Age is thought to Deserve. In that Spirit and Style have we had Poets and Poems Encountring each other. 'Tis a Noble End indeed, that sort of Poetry proposes, Reformation. But considering the Modern Springs and Ingredients of it, ill Nature and ill Manners, I fear it is more likely to foment, what it pretends to Reform. It has been sufficiently prov'd both by Argument and some Example, that Sacred History and Subjects are various and Rich enough to furnish out Eminent and Lofty Poems. 'Tis Pity then, so Noble a Faculty, as the Poetical one (which possibly has the Offspring, or, at least the Companion of Inspiration) should be Basely Prostituted, as in most Ages it has been, to the Service

of

of Debauchery and Vice; And, that, while 'tis pleaded, that Religion Aggrandizes a Poem, yet thoſe Poets ſhou'd be chiefly Applauded and Vogued, whoſe ſole uſe of Religion, in their Compoſures, is to Undermine and Lampoon it. And will Religion Advance and Reform our Poetry, and will not Philoſophy do ſo too? Will not that by Infallible Steps Lead us up to Religion, and to the Grand Author and Object of it? Eſpecially, ſince Old Mechaniſm is Diſcarded, and the New one muſt needs be reſolv'd into the Wiſe and free Conſtitution of an Almighty Agent. Sir Iſaac Newton's *Univerſal Law of Gravitation muſt needs depend upon the Arbitrary Appointment of a moſt Wiſe Architect. Mr.* Whiſton *Frankly Confeſſes, that ſeveral* Phænomena *in our World, owe their Being to Divine Eſtabliſhment and Counſel. And Mr.* Keil (*of* Oxford) *reckons that mere Mechaniſm will not account for the Deluge, and for the Diſpoſal of all that Maſs of Water again. Since then theſe Laws of Motion, founded on Boundleſs Wiſdom, and Arbitrary Determination, reach to all things we ſee, and Converſe with, juſtly may Appeal be made to the* Phænomena *of Heaven and Earth, for Demonſtration of Divine Exiſtence and Perfection.*

Buchan. Pſal. 19.

Inſanientis Genis Sapientiæ
Addicta Mentem Erroribus impijs,

Tot

Tot Luce flammarum Coruſcum
Cerne Oculis, Animoq; Cælum!

Hinc Diſce prudens quam fuit Artifex,
Qui Templa Olympi fornice flammeo
Suſpendit, et terræ Capacem,
Et pelagi Sinuavit Aream.

Is it not wonder then, that among the numerous Subjects, that are Elaborately Sung, Philoſophy in a Philoſophical Age (and ſo Philoſophical, that ſuch Problems have been Reſolv'd, and Diſcoveries made, as no Ages are known to have been bleſt with before) ſhou'd be no more Cultivated by the Sons of the Muſes? What! is Philoſophy ſo Barren a Soil? or is it too Stubborn to yield to thoſe Notional flights, that are not Govern'd by Matter and Motion? or are the two Genius's, of the Philoſopher and Poet, too Widely diſtant to be Conſiſtent? Certainly there had been a more Eaſy Conjunction of 'em, had our Poets been furniſh'd with as much Philoſophy, as Philoſophers have with Strength of Imagination and Fancy. Or has the Ruggedneſs and Antique Dreſs of Dr. Henry More's *Philoſophical Eſſays Diſcourag'd others from attempting any thing in the like Kind? 'Tis true ſuch Matter is Reſtive, Refractory and Unpoliſh-*

Unpoliſhable Enough. Not like the Philoſopher's Materia Prima, *Suſceptive of all, Eſpecially Vivid Forms. 'Tis Unactive, Heavy and Dull; Refuſes, Ordinarily, that Metaphorical Cloathing, thoſe turns of Fancy and Wit, that almoſt Eſſentiate a Poem, and Accommodate it to Sprightly minds. With Stubborn* Matter, *muſt Philoſophical Terms and Mechanical Language be Employ'd, which are reckon'd Contradictions to the Sweetneſs and Softneſs of Poetry; and are, uſually, as Inſignificant and Inſipid to the Men of Air and Wit, as they themſelves are wont to be to thoſe of Philoſophical Thought and Study. The Conſideration of the neceſſity of Introducing here ſuch Novel, Uncouth words and Diction, ſeems to have afforded Diſcouragement even to* Lucretius *himſelf.*

Nec me Animi fallit, Graiorum obſcura reperta
Difficile inluſtrare Latinis verſibus Eſſe.
(Multa Novis verbis præſertim cum ſit Agendum)
Propter Egeſtatem Linguæ et Rerum Novitatem.

Lucret. Lib. I.

But 'tis to be ſuppoſ'd, that thoſe Difficulties and Diſcouragements may be either Conquer'd or Compenſated by the true Poetical Genius and Wit, that cannot be ſo, by one that can pretend to neither. And, methinks, 'twas a Noble path, for

for Matter and Tendency, that, That Philoſophical Doctor trod; tho', ſince that, Trac'd by ſo few.

Such, to be ſure, was the primitive object of Poeſy. What elſe muſt be the Subject of Angelical Celebrations and Songs, upon laying the Foundations of the World, but the Vaſtneſs, the Harmonious Laws and Beauty of the Creation? What Elſe ſo much Employs and Delights the truely Inſpir'd Poets on Earth? Who laid the Foundations of the Earth, *or Founded it upon its Baſes, or* Axes; Who Cover'd it with the Deep, as with a Garment &c. *Is the Song of the Royal Bard of* Iſrael. *Or in* Ovids *Language,*

------Circumfuſo pendebat in Aere Tellus,

Ponderibus Librata ſuis.------

Or -----Stat nullo mobilis Ævo *Buchan. Pſal. 104.*

Terra, ſuper ſolidæ nitens fundamina molis,

Pollenti Stabilita Manu.-----

Accordingly our Cowley *Repreſents the Sacred Students in the Schools of the Prophets Employ'd both in Inveſtigating the Myſteries of Nature, and Celebrating them in their Daily Songs of Devotion.*

They Sung how God ſpake out the World's vaſt Ball,

From Nothing and from No-where call'd forth all;

From

From hence the Cheerfull flame leap'd up so High,
Close at his Heels the Nimble Air did fly;
Dull Earth with its own weight did Downward pierce,
To the fix'd Navel of the Universe. &c.——

Nay, when he has brought his Hero to the King of Moab's *Court, he thinks it meet to Entertain him and his Company there with Physicological Musick and Poetry.*

Whilst Melchor to his Harp with Wond'rous Skill,
(For such were Poets then, and shou'd be still)
His Noble Verse thro' Natures Secrets Lead,
He Sung what Spirit thro' the whole Masss Spread,
Every where all; How Heavens Gods Law approve,
And think it Rest Eternally to Move. &c.——

For which he had the Example and thereby the Authority of the Great, Heroic Poet of Mantua, *who Provides the like Treat of Natural Philosophy for his* Æneas *at the Court of* Carthage.

Cithara

——Cithará Crinitus Jopas
Perſonat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas;
Hic Canit Errantem Lunam, Soliſq; Labores
Unde Hominum Genus et Pecudes.——

Nor is Lucretius *wont to be Upbraided by the Learned with any incongruity in taking the Aſſiſtance of the Muſe (tho'* Venus *is by him Invok'd, and perhaps, ſutably enough to that ſort of Philoſophy he wou'd Recommend) in Uſhering his* Epicurean *Syſtem into the World. Nor has he been thought Unworthy an Elaborate, Modern Tranſlation. Perchance, 'twas reckon'd needfull, that, that* Inſaniens Sapientia (*as* Horace *calls it*) *that Mad Philoſophy, ſhou'd be Recommended by Poetry, that cou'd not by ſeverer Logic and Reaſon. I Remember a Learned Perſon Judges it had ne're Liv'd ſo long as it did, had not the Poet ſo adorn'd and dreſs'd it.* Neq; Equidem Dubito (*ſays Dr.* Sam. Parker) quin Epicurea Philoſophia longe antehâc prorſus neglecta, et abjecta fuerat, Eam niſi Ipſe (*Lucretius &c.*) quem nemo forte et Majeſtate, et Lepore Aſſecutus eſt, tam præclari Poematis Argumentum feciſſet. *And it might well Adminiſter Occaſion and Reaſon to a Baptiſ'd Poet to Sing a better Philoſophy to a better End;*

——Gens Neſcia veri
Ut Reſidem, longâq; Animum Caligine Merſum
Attollat Cælo, et flammantia mœnia Mundi
Dum ſtupet, et vicibus remeantia Tempora Certis,
Auctorem Agnoſcat. &c.——

But yet as much Authority and Precedent as there is, in General, for Introducing ſuch matter into Poetical Meaſures, the Author of what here Enſues, had form'd no ſuch Deſign in Meditating this Syſtem of Rhymes. Solitary Diverſion and Entertainment was his Aim, in giving Vent to ſome Affected (and ſuppoſ'd, Melancholy) Muſings upon a Subject that ſeem'd at Diverſe Seaſons, Inconteſtably Approaching. 'Twas Written therefore, for the moſt part, in very Debilitated, Langvid Circumſtances, when He cou'd have as Little Hope, as Deſign, to Pleaſe any Body elſe. Yet ſometimes, in Better intervalls, a New Book, and New Diſcoveries have occaſion'd ſome New Interſertions.

The Compoſure, ſuch as 'tis, the Author calls a Poem, becauſe 'tis more fetter'd with Meaſure and Rhyme, than Proſe is wont to be. Not that he pretends to Underſtand the juſt Rules of a Poem, *or either the Demands or Bounds of the Vindaric Liberty, Philoſophical too he calls it, becauſe (tho' in the firſt Deſign, He intended not ſo much Philoſophy, yet, upon Review, He finds* Phyſiological *Notion and*

Phænomena,

Phænomena, *for a Conſiderable way, Rehearſ'd, and Reported. Not Preſuming, in the mean Time, (nor ſuppoſing, that any one can juſtly think He cou'd preſume) to ſupply one of the* Deſiderata *in the Learned World. Nor knowing indeed (till by Late Information, ſince this Eſſay entred the Preſs) that a Philoſophical Poem was accounted ſuch. Nor Knowing at all, that ſuch a Performance was Committed to, or Requeſted of Sir-*Richard Blackmore, *as now He finds in the* Familiar Letters, *that paſs'd between Mr.* Lock *and* ſome of his Friends. p. 218. 219. *Nor can Sir* Richard, *or any other Poet account himſelf, by ſuch a Forreign and Fejune Attempt as this, either Really, or Deſignedly Precluded ſuch a Requeſted Service, when he ſhall think fit to preſent the Philoſophical World with it. And* Sacred *too, the Author calls it, becauſe He intended (tho he may fall ſhort of his Intention) by Contemplating and Rehearſing ſome of the Creator's Works, to Raiſe in himſelf (and now, if it may be, to Conciliate from others) ſome Veneration for his incomparable Power and Greatneſs.*

Philoſophy has ſometime been call'd Meditatio Mortis, *The Contemplation and Study of Death; According to that Account of it, it becomes and concerns all to be Philoſophers. The Contemplation of Death, in a Dying World, will always be neceſſary and therefore ſeaſonable. But little did the Author imagine (when he firſt Committed this* Viſion *to the Preſs) that it ſhou'd Accompany ſuch a Mourning Seaſon as this, wherein Diſtant Kingdoms are call'd to Lament*

the

the Fall of ſo Illuſtrious a Prince; and wherein not Great Britain *only, but the* Reformed *and the* Confederate *Worlds are Summon'd to Sympathize with Afflicted Majeſty, in Bemoaning the Inſupportable Loſs of the Delightfull, Royal Conſort. Subjects, to be ſure, are Alarum'd to turn their Thoughts and Amuſements towards Death's Uncontroulable Power, when it Arreſts Princes themſelves, and Robs Crowned Heads and Boſoms of their Peculiar Loves and Joys.*

Thô the Proſpect, as in the State here ſuppoſ'd, may be Term'd Death's Viſion, *yet it need not thence be Concluded to be altogether* Viſionary; *It being Rational enough to ſuppoſe, that Departed Spirits have a much Larger View of the World's Fabric and Æconomy, than here, in Fleſh, they cou'd attain to. Their Journey thro' the Aerial Regions (which way ſoever they Tend) one wou'd Think, muſt neceſſarily afford it them. We are ſure too, The Creator will Reap but a very Inconſiderable Revenue of Admiration and Praiſe on the Account of ſuch Stupendous Works (which were alſo Deſignedly raiſ'd for his Glory) if, in the State that Succeeds Death, they ſhall be no better underſtood than they are now. It's juſt enough alſo to ſuppoſe, that it is Deſign'd, that Good Souls ſhou'd be Tranſported at the Views they ſhall then have, even in that Glaſs of the Grandieur and Majeſty of that God, whom they have Lov'd and Serv'd, and to whom they are then going; And that Unrighteous ones, ſhou'd then be Aſham'd, Terrify'd and Confounded to ſee what*

is the Wiſdom and Power they wou'd not before Regard, what are the Aſtoniſhing Works they wou'd not in Due Time Conſider; or wou'd as Wilfully as Fooliſhly impute to Non-ſenſical Mechaniſm or Blundering Chance; and what is the Unlimited Glory and Strength and Honour of that God, to whom they wou'd not Bow, and to whom, neither by theſe Mighty Works, nor by the Importunate Goſpel of his Son, they wou'd be Perſwaded to be Reconcil'd.

On ſeveral Accounts, Conſiderations now preſent themſelves to allay the Vanity of expecting many Peruſers. The very Title, born in the Frontiſpiece, will go *near to affright and appall our Wits and* Beau's, *almoſt as much as the near Approaches of the Subject it ſelf. The* Sceptic *and* Hobbiſt, *will ſoon meet with that, that he'l Treat with a Diſdainfull Leer and Piſh. Other Subjects and Titles will afford a more agreeable Reliſh to ſuch Palates. A* Satyr againſt Virtue, *A* Dithyrambique, *A* Trip to Hell, or a Viſit paid to the Devil, *will yield them more Delicious Entertainment. So fond they are of playing with Names and Scenes, that wou'd ſtrike Terror into well-adviſ'd Minds. Well! Let them Laugh if they pleaſe, while I wiſh (or pray) they may never feel the Fury and Hideouſneſs of that Helliſh Prince, whoſe Name and Being they turn to Drollery and Joke. They that ſhall find, by Dreadfull, unexpected Experience that there is a Juſt and Terrible God, will find by like Experience too, that there is an Unjuſt, Terrible Devil (the Great Executer of Divine Wrath) that will ungratefully Upbraid and*

Torment them for all the Impieties he has drawn 'em to; and will be ſeverely meet with them for all the Contempt and Scorn they have caſt even on his Being and Power.

The Critic too, will ſpy enough for him to Exerciſe his Skill upon in the Diction, Meaſures, Diſproportion'd Stanza's, Prolixity and Interſperſed Obſcurities. As to which laſt, the Author hopes, that the Philoſopher will Forgive, that for the ſake of ſome, leſs verſ'd in ſuch Studies, ſome Notes are added, and ſome Pages quoted, (where the Philoſophical Hints may be, by any Young Enquirer, further Conſulted) which to have been done for his ſake, wou'd have been both Preſuming, and Impertinent. Upon other Accounts, the Author has no Apology to make. Has as little Ambition for, as Merit of, the Name of a Poet. Thinks not the Valuable Name due to every one, that, perhaps, once in a Life-time, has Compos'd it may be, a Prolix Copy of Verſes; and beſides knows no Venerable Name in the Philoſophical or Poetical World, to whoſe Patronage and Protection he may Commit this Eſſay of his. And ſo muſt be Content that it, as well as himſelf, ſubmit to the Dominion of its own Subject; and fall by the Inexorable Hand of that Ghaſtly Power it Aims to Deſcribe.

But if, before its Death, the Weary Virtuoſo ſhou'd be, by it, in any Meaſure Diverted; if the Young Academic ſhou'd be, any whit aſſiſted to Remember thoſe more noted Phænomena of Nature, that either are acknowledg'd Unaccountable,

Unaccountable, or that our Theoriſts are Aiming to Account for; If any of the Newtonian *Diſcoveries ſhou'd be (as it is meet they ſhou'd be) more Familiariz'd, and Divulg'd for the Honour of that Great Name; If the Poet ſhall be invited to Travel and Survey the Modern Philoſophical World, ſo much a* Terra Incognita *to the Muſes. (The Author can ſcarce tell how to add,) if the Philoſopher ſhall be excited to Cultivate the Poetical Genius; for as Great an Admirer as he is of the true Genuine Poet, yet he has not Zeal enough for his Skill, to invite the Severer Student to Laviſh out Time upon ſuch an Airy Accompliſhment; but eſpecially) if the Philoſopher ſhall be Allur'd to Venerate and Applaud that Lofty Power and Wiſdom, whoſe Atchievments he is Peruſing, or if any Fellow-Valetudinary ſhall be inſtigated to Serious, ſutable Reflexions on the Change this Ring of Terrors will quickly make, and in the Amazing, Awfull Proſpect he will in a few Days hence, afford to our Extricated Souls, The Author will be Abundantly Compenſated for Expoſing any thing of his, in this Kind, to Public Inſpection and Cenſure.*

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DEATH'S VISION, A POEM.

SOME Gentle Ghoſt that's Lanch'd & Gone
From Coaſts of Dull Mortalitie,
That's well Arriv'd, & Entertain'd as one
Of the Triumphant Colonie,
That Stocks the Regions of the Bleſt Eternitie,

Come Eaſe my Burden'd Mind and tell
What 'tis To Bid the World Farewell;
What 'tis to Abandon all that's Dear,
My Hopes and Joys Below,
My Friends and Studies too,
And All my Known Converſes Here:

Oh! Tell, what 'tis to Take a Flight
Beyond the Changes of Revolving Light,
To Worlds I never ſaw,
Worlds of Wonder, and of Awe,
Or fill'd with Solid Glory, or with Solid Night!
Come, Candid Spirit, Haſte, and Fly,
And (if thou can'ſt Declare,
And I the News can Bear)
Come, Tell me what it is to Die.

II.

Oh! ſay what will Become of me,
When Monumental Cold ſhall ſeize
This Organized Cask, and Freez
It's Active Pow'rs and Faculties!
In what Myſterious Plight ſhall I then Be
When Life's weak Lamp, that now theſe years has ſhone,

Shall be Extinct and Gone;
And when the *Primigenial* Fire
That Bade the Pulſe Keep Time and Beat,
And ſtrike the Moments of its Heat,
Shall Languiſh and Expire.
When theſe ſoft Bellows too, that ſo
Unweariedly do Blow,
Are Working Day and Night,
To fan, and to foment the Waſting Light,
Shall all Unmechaniz'd, and all Unactive grow;
Shall all their Toilſome Labour ſpare,
And play no more with ſwelling gales of Intercurrent Air
And when the Purple, Vital Flood,
That Drives the Wheels and Keeps the Bellows going
Always Swelling, Allways Blowing,
That never yet has ſtood,
A meer *Miocis* ſhall be found;

Forget its Beaten Trace,
Be Weary of its Native Pace,
I And Run no more its Long-accuſtom'd Haſty Round.

III.

Alas! What ſhall poor I become,
When all the Miniſters of Senſe,
The Poſts of Quick Intelligence,
Shall march no more from Home!
Shall neither tell the' Affairs Abroad,
Nor their Domeſtick News bring in,
Being Slain upon the Road,
Diſpatch no more Advices to the Mind within!
When nimble Spies that were
So Ready to Detect from Far,
Shall be Caſhier'd their Office quite,

No Sprightly Images Reſtore,
And Buſily converſe no more
With the Unnumber'd Ofspring of Reflected Light;
When the Deaf Drum ſhall not Rebound,
And Trumpet's Winding ſpace
Shall modulate no more a needfull Sound,
To' Alarum or Allure the Regent of the Place;
When the Perceptive *Hammer* ſhall not Know
It's Practice, nor Conſign Preſcribed Blow
Unto the Wonted *Anvil* there, and ſo
No more ſhall in the Son'orous Forge be Coin'd
The airy Medalls of a Speaking Mind;
When the Officious Guards that wait
Their Duty at the Palace-Gate,
Still Girt to Execute Commands,
Or Embaſſy to Feet or Hands,

Shall be Diſbanded from their Coaſts,
And Hurry' away from their attended Poſts,
Or Stupid ſink, unable to Diſcloſe
Occurring Friends or Foes;
When the Rich Palace with it's Tower on High
(The Sacred Microcoſm's Court,
Where now Idea's of all Qualities Reſort),
Shall Fall, and in its Fatal Ruins Lie;
When the Bright Regent, fear'd by this Decay,
Shall take Her Forc'd Relenting Flight away
From Her Old-Tenanted, inhoſpitable Clay.

IV.

Then in what ſhape will Death Appear?
What alter'd Apprehenſions will he Bring?
Death! that has often walk'd ſo near

In Grandeur of a Proud, Remorſeleſs King!
The Heart-ſtring Ghoſt, at whoſe Black Triumphs gain'd,
I have ſo oft been Entertain'd!
Whoſe Breathleſs Trophies, Scatter'd all Around,
Have ſo Augmented, and Enrich'd the Ground!
Dread Heav'n's Inſatiate Miniſter, that ſtill
Is Eager and Impatient to Fulfil
His Bloody, Old Commiſſion, *Slay and Kill!*
That has Paſt Ages into Darkneſs hurl'd,
And ſtill Diſpeoples the Succeeding World;
Death, the Unceſſant Sting, and Future Bane
Of all the Gallèd Guilty and Prophane!
The Undiſturb'd Retreat, the' Immortal Eaſe
Of Waſh'd, and Undefiled Conſciences!
Sworn Enemy to all that's Brave and Bright!
Sole Uſher to the World of Joys and Light!

Death! the Strange Finite, Uncreated Thing!
The Abſolute, the Poor, Precarious King!
The Potent, Metaphyſic Shade, which All
The Learned will but mere *Privation* call!
Great Sovereign! who Exalts his Subjects moſt!
Yet Tramples them to Silence and to Duſt!
The Legal Monarch! whoſe juſt Pow'r and Throne
Is Founded in Unrighteouſneſs alone!
Whoſe Rightful Claims to' Oppoſe with ſtiff Defence
Is Sacred Duty and Allegiance.
Thou Crafty Foe! whoſe Unexampled Pow'r
Could Wound and Slay ev'n thine own Conquerour!
Tyranic Fool too! who by haſt'ning ſo
To Lov'd, Repeated Victories,
New Triumphs and Solemnities,
Art Poſting ſtill to thine own Overthrow!
The Greateſt Captive thou cou'dſt ever Boaſt,

Whose Life in Conquering Thee was Lost,
Whom more thy Crowing Pride oppress,
More Bruis'd, and Mortify'd than all the Rest,
Will Come e're Long, in Grandeur come to see
Himself and all his Friends Reveng'd on Thee;
Will Grind thy Bones, and Break thy Masters Head,
And thou that Rob'st a World of Life, shalt ever then be Dead.

VI.

Ah me! Kind Spirit, that's mardi'd Above!
What will Death's Passion, Pow'r, and Conquest Prove?
What will Befall me, when these Corps shall Lie
A Prostrate Victim to his Sovereignty?
Whither, O Whither shall I flee
When once his Greedy Stroak is Past?

Kind Immaterial Form, that quick Receives
Material Laws our Mechaniſm Gives!
Dependent Life, that Independent Lives!
Proteus! That Varies to all Shapes at Will,
Aſſumes all Figures, that ſubmit
To Teſt of Mathematic Wit,
Yet Incorporeal ſtands, and ſhapeleſs Still!
Strange Wanderer, that Loves to Roam
Thro' Earth, and Seas and Stars, yet ſtays at Home!
A Celeſtial Spark, that Pond and Content Flies,
Yet Bound by Fumes, and Slaviſh Sympathies!
That Shou'd by Int'reſt, and by Nature move
Tow'rds the' Unconfin'd, Congenerous Realms above,
Yet Fondly, 'midſt its Num'rous Cracks, and Storms,
Still Craves the Crazy Cabin it Informs,
Subſtantial Myſtery, that Knows

Exotic

Exotic Beings Well;
But what it is, How Acts, and Does,
Is to it ſelf all Unconceivable!

VI.

But now Arriv'd at Forreign Land,
How mute and Hov'ering ſhall I ſtand,
Struck thro' with Various Fright!
Not Knowing what to Do,
Nor whither I'me to Go,
Nor How to Spring an Unembodyed Flight!
Won't ev'n a Smart Reſentment Riſe
At thoſe, whoſe Decent Art
Performs the Laſt Obliging Part,
In Sealing up the Lips and Eyes?

Reſentment? That Unfriendly They
Wou'd Studiouſly prevent my Stay,
Or my Eſſay'd Return into the Cooling Clay!
Or will ſome Friendly Ghoſt be Near,
By Sympathizing Kindneſs Brought,
By Late Experience Taught
His Following Brethren to Relieve and Cheer?
What Forreign Garb will He Prepare
To Cloath a Naked Stranger There?
To Dreſs me for the World where I muſt Dwell?
Or Carve Thick Night and Darkneſs Palpable,
A Sultry, Smoaking Vehicle,
The Gloomy Robes of Death and Hell!
Robes ever Unconſum'd, that are
The Badges of Confuſion and Deſpair!
Or, by Divine Commiſſion Frame

Æthereal

Æthereal Veſture for a Ghoſt,
Strait Bound for the Celeſtial Coaſt,
Cut out of Orient Azure fring'd with Lambent Flame?
The Temporary Garb, that only may
A while Supply and Indicate
The Office of the Sublimated Clay,
When Raiſ'd to Glory and Immortal State!
Or, Rather will ſome *Cherub* Stand,
By ſpecial Office charg'd at Hand,
(Long ſkill'd in this Deep Exerciſe,)
To Learn me Immaterial Myſteries?
Will he with Charming Meſſage ſaid
Diſmiſs my Fears, and make me Glad?
Will He come Teach an Unfledg'd Soul to Fly,
To ſee, without the Optics of an Eye?
Teach to Diſtinguiſh Sounds, and Hear
Without

Without the Grave Formality of an Ear?
Teach me to Speak the Troubles of a Mind
That's forc'd to leave his Tongue & Head & Heart behind?
Will He Come Guide, and Guard my Way.
(That Can't but it Exactly Know
By often Trav'elling to and frô)
To the Exalted Realms of Everlaſting Day?

VII.

Come then, Let's Mount and Fly
On Winged Wiſhs to the Rich Worlds on High!
Oh me! my Guide! what Wonder's here
In all our Road Succeſſively Appear?
What Natures now, what Shapes theſe Atoms wear,
That Form this Fluid, this Elaſtic Air!

Atoms

Atoms too Fine for Mortal Sight,
But Large and Groſs to Immaterial Light!
See, with what Rage they from each other Rove,
1 Renouncing ſtill the Law of Mutual Love!
2 See, in what Whirling Streams they Flow!
What Diff'rent Streams Embrace them, as they Go!
Look there, how Swell'd Voluminous Vapour flies
From Raging Seas into the Calmer Skies!
What Flaming Floods Diſcharged there
From Loud Volcano's tinge the Atmoſphere,
From Hidden Mines and Treaſures up they Come,
3 From Each or Friendly or Infectious Womb!
4 Look How cloy'd Planets yonder Vomit forth
Their Heterogeneous Humours t'wards the Earth
What Rendezvouz is here? no Wonder hence
Strange Airy Laws, Quick Life or Death Commence;

See, How they Marſhall! How their Forces Join!
How Greet and Fight, How Seperate and Combine!
Alas! Poor Native Globe, whoſe various Fate
Hangs on the Turns of this Embroyled State!
Welcome, Ah! Welcome, Bleſt Informing Light
That Cures my Old Miſtakes, and Scouts
My num'rous Philoſophic Doubts,
And Chaſes all my Scepticiſm quite!
Now are firſt Seeds and Principles Diſcloſ'd,
Eſſential Forms and Textures all Expoſ'd;
Immortal Seeds, that Intermingled Lie
The Ground of Unaccountable Variety;
Textures by which Briſk Flames do upward Ride,
And thoſe, by which Pellucid Waters Glide;
Without tyr'd Study now, the *Central* Charms appear,
Which Bodies Reſtleſs make, till they come there.

Now

Now the Myſterious Love at laſt, I Trace
That Binds and Acts the Vaſt Corporeal Whole,
That Plays the Univerſal Soul,
Aſſigning all their Order, and their Place.
No Wonder, Souls Breathe Union and Agree,
Made up of Love and Harmonie!
No Wonder, Sacred Spi'rits (whoſe Glorious Head
Has upon them Attractive Unction ſhed)
Are by a Stronger Gravitation Join'd,
Whoſe Love and Harmony is all Refin'd,
This whole World's Law, and Life appears to Be
Nought elſe but Love and Harmonie;
Ev'n *Matter's* Self is urg'd with Amo'rous Suit,
Inclin'd in all its Parts to Mutual Salute;
Myſterious Love, whoſe Binding Pow'r Conſtrains
The Slipp'ry'ſt Faces with the Cloſeſt Chains!

That

That Teaches Bleeding Steel to wound by Stealth,
Or Greeting ſend, and Sympathetic Health;
Inſpires Dead Fibres, in th' Harmonious Tone,
At once to Warble, and Dance Uniſon;
Magnetic Virtues and their Puzzling Cauſe,
Which Unmechanic ſeem'd and ſprung from Laws
Of ſome ſtrange Forreign Syſtem, now I find
No Riddles are to Love, and to a Naked Mind.
I ſee, why the Touch'd Needle ſtill ſcents about,
Till it has found its Darling Quarter out;
And why, Unconſtant grown, it ſometimes takes
New-Spring Amours, and its Dear North forſakes;
Why Flow'ring Vines, thô fix'd in Diſtant Soil,
Prompt Wines in *England* to Ferment and Boil;
How Blooming Trees (as 'twere, for future Birth)
Unſtain Dy'd Cloaths, and call their Atoms forth;

Why

12 Why Dark'ned Seas pretend to scatter Light,
As if they truly Lodg'd the Sun by Night;
I see, (Philosophy I long'd to Know,
But was too Deep for Poreing Minds below)
Why List'ning Seas so Daily watch the Shore,
Crowd up the Roads, down which they Ran before,
As if they yet Rememb'red Old Command,
Or Crav'd new leave to Drown the Guilty Land;
Heav'ns Shops and Magazines Unlock'd I view,
What Cool Alembic drops the Rain and Dew;
What Lathe so Turns, what Art Japans the Bow,
What Looms prepare and Weave the Fleecy Snow;
In what tight Mills the Icy Balls are Ground,
Why small or larger made, why White and Round;
13 How the Sun's Banner Stormy Fight prepares,
And Summons Airy Troops to Bluff'ring Warrs;

What Wild Ingredients are together Crumm'd,
And into Clowdy Cannons closely Ramm'd,
At whose Dread Roar fierce Balls and Fires are Hurl'd,
Omens of That, that must Calcine the World;
From what Low Birth proud Meteors climb the Air,
What Combs and Kindles their Presaging Hair;
How Cou'd I feast the Students now Below,
(Might I for their Relief and Ease
Descend a θεος απο μηχανης)
Solve their Distracting Problems quick & show
Rules of Reflected and Refracted Light,
How all the Tribes of Sep'rate Colours Grow,
And all Combin'd beget the Single White?
Learn'd Death, that in one Hour instructs me more,
Than all my Years on Earth Before!
Than all my Academic Aids cou'd Do,

Than

Than Chronies, Books and Contemplations too!
Death! That Exalts me ſtrait to High'ſt Degree!
Commenc'd a more than *Newton*, in Abſtruſe Philoſophie.

VIII

How faſt we Mount, my Guide! my Eye
Can ſcarce Purſue the Orbs run Whirling By.
Being now Arriv'd at Saturn's Sphere,
Let's ſtand a while, and take a Proſpect there!
Theſe Worlds cou'd ne're be made, non Furniſhed
Dull Mortals only to Amaze,
To call them out to Peep and Gaze,
They're Nobler Entertainment for the Dead!
Great God! what Pow'r and Skill Combine
To manage this Myſterious Frame,

Thy

Thy Glories in Each Portion Shine,
'Tis Big with thine Almighty Name!
Oh! Happy Proſpect, that Infallibly Confutes
Old Prejudice, and Ends *Theorical* Diſputes!
Now, now, to Sight, the Controverſy's Done,
Whether our Little Globe maintain
The Centre of this Whirling Main,
Or Whether its Yearly Journey round the Sun;
The Little Globe, how wiſely Plan'd
In Day and Night Alternate there,
In Changing Seaſons of the Year,
For Cheriſhing the Lives with which 'tis proudly Grac'd!
How Honourably ſurr'd and waited on
By a Beneficent, Revolving Moon,
A Dark Diſtributer of Light,
That Kindly ſhortens and Adorns the Night?

Patron

Patron of Man's Tranquillity and Eaſe!
Ordain'd Diſturber of *Pacific* Seas!
What wild *Meanders* does the Wand'rer trace,
Inconſtant to her Orb, her Light and Pace?
How oft does the Old Chang'ling Love t' Aſſume
In ſpite of Age, New Life and Youthful Bloom?
How oft with vary'ed Face Affect to Ride
Along the Admiring Heav'ns, and to ſhow
A Picture of Unconſtancy and Pride?
Ah! Fatal, Fatal Governneſs Below!
But Let me Gaze on, and Admire
That Boyling Ocean of *Unfuel'd* Fire,
The Soul of all the Planetary Quire!
Time's Parent, and Time's Offspring too
Recorder of the Years, and Breath we Drew!
Vicarious God! on whoſe Imperial State

A Train of Worlds for Life and Motion wait!
Obliging Pow'r! thus Daily to Renew
Thy Largeſſes, to theſe thy Clients Bound!
Thus Solemnly to Turn thy ſelf Around,
And take them all within thy Friendly View!
Rich Painter! That can thus Careſs the Eye,
Beſtows on ev'ry Face its Different Dy,
And Hangs the Globe in all its Gaudy Tapeſtry!
Why did Blind Nations ſtyle thee God of Love?
Was it becauſe thou doſt ſo Lovely prove,
Each Body does thy Kind Approaches Woe?
And yet each Body's Shy,
And like thy ſtory'd *Daphne* Coy,
And ſtill Declines thy cloſe Embraces too:
Heaven's Secretary Thou, to whom we owe
The Op'ning all the Wond'rous Scenes Below!

Grand

Grand Miniſter of Mortal Senſe and Sight,
That ſtrikes us Blind with High Exceſs of Light!
Prodigious Source of Life, that e're ſince Time Begun
Has Waſting ſtill and Undiminiſh'd Run!
That Far and Wide does Genial Streams Diſpenſe,
Bright Emblem of his own Creator's Influence!
Swift Streams, that almoſt Leave the Thought Behind,
Almoſt Out-fly the Sallies of the Mind!
Sagacious They, that thus Unerring Tend
The ſhorteſt way to their Deſigned End!
Sure to come there, when nothing can Repreſs
Their Haſty Flight, but Unreſiſting Emptineſs!
Go Doating, fond Philoſophy,
With all thy Catachreſtic Names!
Call yonder Planet, *Mercury*,
Whom ſuch intenſive Heat

Will

Will not Evaporate,

Calcine nor Sublimate,

That so Undaunted Runs amidst the Chymic Flames:

But Lo! with what Majestic Grace

Sweet *Vesta* Follows, and maintains

Thro all her Changes and her Wanes

A still Unclouded, Lovely Face!

Such Constant Beauty, tho it Lye

(As Mortal Beauties us'd to Be)

Intangled with Inconstancie,

Can't chuse but Charm each Astronomic Eye!

Her Nimble-footed Harbinger,

Tho plac'd Amidst the Streams

Of Beautifying Beams,

Is more Illustrious made by Her.

Now stoop, Weak Reason, nor Pretend

To

To Scan Wiſe Nature's Rules, or End!
Ah! who'd Expect to Find
That Smaller Orb Diſplac'd ſo far Behind?
So Little He, ſo Diſtant ſet
From the Great Spring of Light and Heat,
He needs muſt Wear a Darker Robe,
Than that, that Clothes my Native Globe;
So Frigid too, How can he Bear
The Name of the Old, *Pagan* God of War?
But here Advance to nearer Sight
Loud Heralds of Eternal Might;
See, how Plebeian Planets fly,
Poſſeſs'd with Trembling Fear,
They Hide and Diſappear,
As Mighty *Jove* Drives his briſk Stages By!
Vaſt *Jove*, whoſe Grandeur will Diſdain

Of Solar Diſtance to Complain,
When he himſelf can ſuch high ſtate Diſplay
In his Reſplendent Train,
That Guards His Motions and makes bright his Way!
Yet Great as he pretends to Be,
The Royal Maſter of this Sphere,
Thô Size and Bulk he'l not Compare,
(In Pond'rous Bulk and Size
No Great Perfection lies)
Boaſts a more Pompous Train than He.
See what a Tedious Path he's fain to Trace,
How far from *Jove's*, to give his large Retinue Space!
But, Oh! what curious Piece did Art Divine,
And well taught Nature here Deſign?
Does in this Orb a Sacred Covenant Grow
Decypher'd by this Horizontal Bow?

How

How Richly's this Grave Wand'rer Dreſt
With an Illuſtrious Ring above the Reſt?
Around it Rolls, makes all its Parts appear
Yet lies Obſcur'd in Light, for half the Year;
What Diff'rent Office it at once can Play,
Both make the Night and make the Day!
It's Circling Pace can Life Retrieve,
And make the Dying Fluids Live;
See, how its various *Phaſes*, Uſe and End
At once Delight the Wondring Natives & Befriend!
Lay Mortals, lay your Learned Glaſses by,
Too Feeble, too Short-ſighted to Deſcry
All theſe Attendants of his State,
That thus about him Run,
Supply and Slight the Diſtant Sun,
And Rich Philoſophy and Charming Views Create!

Now,

Now, now Adieu ye Pleaſing ſtore
Of Dreams and Fancies I Indulg'd Before!
I ſee what Natives theſe toſſ'd Iſlands bear,
Natives, as Diff'rent as their Climates are;
Their Studies, Pleaſures and Employs I ſee,
How much more Happy and more Pure than we;
More Heav'nly they, more fit and glad to Raiſe
By Love and Service the Creator's Praiſe.
Ah me! what Diff'rent Balls take yonder Flight,
Vaſt Firy Balls, Clad o're with Thickned Night!
How Regular, how Swift, how far they Run,
From us, thro' all the Orbs, Around the Scorching Sun!
Ah! Wretched Wights, that there in Durance Dwell,
Confin'd to thoſe Sulphureous Rooms of Hell!
Erratic Dungeons, Deſtin'd to Preſent
Heaven's Juſtice Flaming there

Upon

Upon the Priſoners of Deſpair,
Before the ſeveral Worlds, Redeem'd and Innocent,
To warn the one to Praiſe, the other to Repent!
Well may Aſtoniſh'd Mortals Gaze
At the Ominous Flames, with which they Blaze,
No Wonder they Prognoſticate
The Evils, they themſelves Create!
Ah! now the Laws, by which they cut the Air,
Their Threatning Tails, and long Inflamed Hair,
How they are Chain'd in their *Elliptic* Race,
Nor Gallop out into the Fields of Neighb'ring Space,
Their Cauſes, Ends and Dire effects below
To Awfull Satisfaction are Apparent now!
Great God, what Pow'r, and Prudence to the Full
Are Scatter'd thro' the Expanded Whole!
Stupendous Bulk and Symmetrie,

Croſs Motion and clear Harmonie,
Cloſe Union and Antipathie,
Projectile Force, and Gravitie,
In ſuch well poiſ'd Proportions Fall,
As ſtrike this Artfull, Mathematic Dance of All.
Come Hither, all you Atheiſtic Tribe,
Who this Wiſe Scene to Senſeleſs Cauſe Aſcribe,
Come Hither, as e're long you muſt, and ſee
The Radiant Demonſtrations of the Deitie!
But juſtly may you Dread to find,
When Fleſh's Vail ſhall be withdrawn,
When Long Eternity ſhall Dawn,
The Exiſtence of the Almighty and All-Holy Mind;
O what Confuſion and what Fears
Will tear your Souls, when Deity appears?
O Study theſe Convictive Views

That

That may prevent your Endleſs Tears!
O now Bethink ye of the Burning News
Ghoſt *Sydenham* Thund'red in his Chrony's Ears!
News, that Create the Joys where Angels Dwell,
That feed the Deathleſs Worm and Rapid Flames of Hell;
The Eternal *News*, which might but I the ſame
So needful now, with Heaven's juſt Leave Proclaim,
Shou'd ſoon fill all the open'd Mouths of Fame!
Or with which Rather, cloth'd in Noiſe
More Loud than Thunder, or than *Sinai's* Voice,
Id'e Preach from Hence and Quickly make
The Globe and all it's Unbelievers Quake,
Yea, the Whole Planetary Syſtem Shake!
Id'e Storm thoſe Bolted Ears, and quickly Drown
The Noiſe and Hurry of each Ravenous Town,
The Loud, Pathetic Accents Id'e Pronounce

Shou'd

Shou'd ſtop the Tide of Buſineſs all at once,
Dear Gain and Mirth ſhou'd ſoon Abandon'd Be
To give Grave Audience to my News and Me.
Id'e make the Proud Aſpirer Crouch, and Court
The Face and Favour He has made his Sport;
Id'e make the Accurſed Miſer throw with Shame
His Idol to the Caves from whence it Came;
Id'e ſoon Confute the *Epicure*, and fright
Th' impatient Wanton from his Lewd Delight;
Id'e cure the Fop of his Diſtracted Fits,
And make the Brainſick *Beau* to find his Wits;
Id'e make the *Sceptic* and the *Hobbian* Schools
Recant their *Maxims* and Confound their Rules;
The Lofty'ſt Monarchs (whoſe Sublimer Birth
Makes them Ador'd, and Look like Gods on Earth)
Shou'd ſoon the Force of Heav'nly Grandieur feel,

And

And Crowned Heads Beneath his Footſtool Kneel;
No more in vain ſhou'd the Weak Preacher Spread
Perſwaſive Hands and Breath unto the Dead,
Id'e make *Him* put more Soul into his Breath,
Id'e make *Them* Hear, and Burſt the Chains of Death;
Conſcience ſhou'd wake, and Preach, & Conſcious Fears
Shou'd Roar more Loud, than *Mortars* in their Ears;
Thro' every Clime the Rev'rend News ſhou'd Sound,
Each Cave and Vale ſhou'd with the News Rebound!
And Vocal Seas Repeat & Roll the News Around!
Ah! Fooliſh Thought! this Complicated Throng
Of Works and Laws Divine,
Where ſuch immenſe Perfections ſhine,
More Loudly Tells the News without a Tongue!
When this wide Plan was firſt Pourtray'd,
The *Syſtem's* fixt Foundations Laid,

The Rich Materials brought, and in juſt Ballance Weigh'd
Well might Pleas'd *Seraphs* ſhout, and all the Throng
Of Morning-Stars ſtrike up a Celebrating Song;
'O! O, the Treaſures of Eternal Might!
'The Magazines of Self-Exiſtent Love and Light!
'Tho in our Realms ſtill freſh Applauſes Grow,
'Where Immaterial Wonders always flow;
'Turn we aſide, and ſtoop to ſee
'New Matter's Maze, and Multiform Varietie!
'Matter, whoſe Duſky Nature can Surprize
'Our Shining, Intellective Faculties;
'That Puzzles them with Undiſolved Knot,
'Tis ſtill Diviſible, and yet 'tis not!
'Bleſs us! How Matter and its motion Can
'In all the Pomp of Intricacy Reign!
'Huge Maſſes, niceſt Subtleties,
'Weights,

'Weights, Numbers, Figures, and Degrees
'Of Union, Textures, Times, and Tone,
'And Meaſures, that Tranſcend our Own;
'Diſcordant Motions, Swift and Slow,
'Yet Uniform and Conſtant too,
'Direct, Eliptic, Circular,
34 'Vibrations too that interfere,
'Thouſands of References far and near,
'How ſwiftly by the Dextrous Skill
'Of Potent Counſel, and Omniſcent Will,
'Are Calculated All, and intermingled Here?
'How well are Breath Divine and Duſt Compriz'd?
'Two Worlds in ſix Foot-Length Epitomiz'd,
'And Contradictions Harmoniz'd?
'But what Amazements will not meet,
'When Heav'n it ſelf does in Grand Council ſit?

'Riſe

' Riſe Noble World, and find us True
' In all Appointed Miniſtry to you!
' Bleſt be the Pow'r, Diſplays his Glories Thus!
' Riſe Rival-World, and at the End
' Of Deſtin'd, Rolling Ages Send
" A Welcome Colony to our World and us!
Ah! Dear, Deluded Virtuoſi, who
Are wiſtly groping in our World Below,
Now Sink, oh Sink your Studious Pride,
Spare Idle Pains, and Wiſely caſt Aſide
Your Learn'd, *Unclean* Theories,
Well manag'd, Blind Hypotheſes
Of Inſtitutes Divine Ridiculouſly Wide;
What can Waſte *Vacuum* and Atoms do?
Or Plenitude and Motion too,
But O what Empty Heads are thoſe

That

That Plenitude with Motion wou'd Compoſe?)

Or joſtling *Vortices*, unleſs they Can

Demonſtrate the Vertigo of a Wanton Brain?

Or Univerſal, Gravitating Pace,

(That comes ſo Late, and goes ſo Far

To ſolve the Rules and Orders here,)

Thô Blended alſo with Projectile Race?

Here Powers and Laws are fixt and Woven ſo

As are Unreacht, Undreamt of quite Below.

Alas! Alas! you'l ne're Survey

All the Contriv'd *Phænomena*,

Nor the Survey'd Reſolve, till you

Shall take, like me, an Unembodied View!

Oh that I might Rich Truths and Knowledge Lend,

As once *Ficinus* to his Studious Friend!

Here's Proſpect well worth while, worth pains to Die,

And Quit the Lov'd, the Dim Reſearches of Mortalitie.

IX.

Mortalitie! methinks, the Name
A kind of Paſſion ſtill Creates,
Whilſt ſenſibly it intimates
The Rufull Ills and World from whence I Came!
Tho Raptur'd with this Numerous Dance,
With Globes and Balls Methodically Whirl'd,
A Secret Inſtinct makes me Love to Glance
T'wards my Endear'd, Forſaken World.
Ah me! was yonder Deſpicable Clod
The Stage of my Life's Scenes, and my Abode?
Waſt There, that I a Thinking Eſſence Grew?
There Vital Clay, and Vital Æther Drew?

Was

Was that the World, We did ſo late Admire,
That did our Senſes Charm,
Our fond Affections Warm,
And ſet the Silly Microcoſm all on Fire?
Was that our Source of Joy! and cou'd we There
Build Tow'ring Hopes, as Caſtles in the Air?
Cou'd you Black Patches ſeem the Sovereign Good
For which Proud Mortals ſpill whole Streams of Blood?
Bleſs me! How cou'd we Idolize its Ore?
Its Pompous Gawds, and Fooleries Adore?
How cou'd we for its Droſs ev'n ſtoop to Kiſs
The Inſulting Devil? How cou'd we (Fools) for this
Barter our Deathleſs ſelves, our Innocence and Bliſs?
Ah! Fall'n Confounded *Globe* thou! where
The Center's Sin, and Curſe, the Atmoſphere!
Almighty Love's Old Monument, that hath

Hardly

Hardly Eſcap'd the Dint of Flaming Wrath!
Once Splendid Paradiſe! once Belov' d Abode
Of Happy Angels and their Happy God!
Now Ruins of Majeſtic Pow'r, that may
Juſt tell their Author and his Name Betray!
His Name in Ruin'd Fabrics ſtands Compleat;
Demoliſh'd Temples ſpeak their Founder Great.
Now no more Luſtre Lives, or Rich Attire
Than muſt e're long paſs thro' Transforming Fire;
See how the Weary, Trav'lling *Aſſes* Groan
Beneath the Pond'rous Curſe, that's o're 'em Thrown!
Hence riſe *Errata*, hence Diſorder ſits
To prove a Scandal to Unthinking Wits;
Hell's Suburbs! where Impurities in Grain,
And Loud Impieties Triumphant Reign,
Where Lofty Luſts claim Scepters for their own,

And

And Scarlet Villanies Aſcend the Throne;
Den of Enrag'd Unrighteous, and their Tools!
Cage of Conceited and Diſtracted Fools!
Where Hells Proud Prince with Pleaſure walks each Day,
Large Empire Boaſts and Arbitrary Sway;
Where Headſtrong Griefs intruding Joys Controul,
Pierce the Soft Heart, and Wound th' Impriſon'd Soul;
Where Pleaſures Poyſon, and Torment the Mind,
Arm'd with Reſiſtleſs Stings they leave Behind;
Where Bright and Social Virtues ſoon are found
Choak'd by the Balefull Miſts that there Abound;
Where Friendſhip, the Dear Antidote of Strife,
The Sweet Beguiler of the Ills of Life,
Friendſhip, by Name is Courted and Careſſ'd,
But Baniſh'd far from each Pretending Breaſt;
In her Due Room a Neſt of Vermin Lies,

And Selfiſh, ſordid Furies Tyrannize.
Where Conjugal Accord, the firſt and Beſt
Of Friendſhips Entertain'd by Humane Breaſt,
The Sacred Tye, Wiſe Heav'n did firſt Ordain
The Help and (next it ſelf) the Heav'n of Man,
Is ſoon imbitter'd with ſevere Allays,
Transform'd to Bane, and Canker of his Days.
Where Vices and Confuſions Native Grow,
Religion's Forreign, and is treated ſo;
No ſooner Condeſcends th' Æthereal Dame
To Viſit ſome Dark Town with Vital Flame,
But ſtraitway All Around Contrive
To Hoot the Heav'nly Gueſt and Drive
Her Home unto the Land, from whence She came.
The Pious Few uſ'd, as Unworthy They
The World, that's ſo Unworthy of their Stay;

Heav'n

Heav'n's Candidates go Cloath'd with foul Diſguiſe,
And Heav'n's Reports are Damn'd for Senſeleſs Lies.
Tremendous Myſteries are (ſo Hell prevails)
Lampoon'd for Jargon and Phantaſtic Tales;
Heav'n's Heralds, ſent to Heal and Bleſs the Mind,
To Summon Man from Darkneſs and from Toys,
To Starry Crowns and to Seraphic Joys,
Are Treated as the Refuſe of Mankind;
Where the Great Son of the Eternal God,
Who Sways the Worlds with Unreſiſted Nod,
While in our Form Salvation He Atchieves,
Was Baſely ſlain, and Hang'd with Impious Thieves
(Well might the Sun Wink and put out his Light,
Nor dare to ſee ſo Bold, Blaſphemous Sight!)
From Heav'n He came to Purchaſe and Eſpouſe,
To Light Dark Souls unto his Father's Houſe;

Lo,

Lo, the Returns! Lo there, the Grateſull Fruit!
His Love and Laws Ly Trampled under Foot!
Th' Eternal Spirit of Peace, and Peaceſull Might,
That Kindly comes in Crowned *Shiloh's* Right,
Comes to Convey the Bleſſings *He* hath Bought,
To Bring us the Redemption *He* hath Wrought,
Is Vex'd and Griev'd, and Spitefully Traduc'd,
His Love and Works Affronted and Abuſ'd;
Ah, how the Scrubborn Miſcreants Combine
To Baffle Boundleſs Grace, and Blood Divine!
Is that the World we cou'd ſo ill Forego?
The Element of Death, Apoſtacy and Wo!
Bleſs me! what Helliſh Spell Controuls
The Native Pow'rs of Heav'n-born Souls!
Uhat Fatal Potion charms them to Forget
Their Make, their Father, and their Father's Seat?

A

A Curſe on all our Wit and Senſe of Late
That Knows and Seeks no better World than That!
Ah me, how much more Pure and Fine,
How much more Noble and Divine
Is one Poor Naked Soul than All
The Bulky Maſs of that Capacious Ball!
Sweet Viſion (Sweet, Amidſt theſe Scenes of Woe)
Thus Clearly, thus Compendiouſly to Show
The ſev'ral Ranks of Souls that Ply Below!
What igneous Seeds, involv'd in Fibrous Earth,
Give the Vaſt Vegetable Kingdom Birth;
How they Diſtinguiſh Food for Vital Uſe,
Breathe, and Drive round the Circulating Juice;
How they Digeſt, Perſpire, and Drink, and Are
By Seaſonable Drinking freſh and fair;
Breed Sem'inal Virtue, and from Teeming Root

Shed Infant-Blossoms, and Prolific Fruit.
What more Exalted Sp'rits inform and Sway
The Capillary Limbs of Small'st *Automata*;
Instill Discretion there, and quite Out do
The Feats of Matter and its Motion too;
What Nobler Souls the Nobler Machins Wear,
Masters of Sense, and Skillfull Instinct there;
For their Life's Business, and Inventions fit,
Springs of Irrational Sagacity and Wit;
What Virtue Kindles their Pneumatic fire,
And Whither at Decease they Silently Retire;
Grand Sov'reignty, that thus was pleas'd to State
Their Ends, and Toils, and Undeserved Fate!
Too Good, too Guiltless to be Treated thus,
To be Entrall'd, and Sacrific'd for us!
What Brighter Forms in Humane Fabric Reign,

Innoble

Innoble and Impeach Degenerate Man;
Outfly weak Senſe on Metaphyſic Wings,
Yet ty'd to Muſcles and Mechanic Strings,
Deſtin'd to Light, and to Diviner Guſt,
Wedded to Clay, and Proſtitute to Luſt,
Remote from Matter, and Exempt from Death,
Immediate Progeny of Almighty Breath!
In cloſe Aſcents the Riſing Orders Grow,
Holding Communion ſtill with thoſe Below;
From meaneſt *Microſcopic* Species there,
Of Natures Armies the Remoteſt Rear,
Up to the Frontier Squadrons of the Sky's,
Does Gradual Kindred, and Connexion Riſe;
Thus wiſdom thro' Whole Nature's Orb is ſeen,
Leaving no Wide Uncomely *Chaſm* Between;
'Tis Sin, Alas! has all the Miſchief Done,

Broke

Broke the Creation's Harmony, and Thrown
Beneath the Baſeſt-Brutes, our Princely Race,
Down to Deep Hell, and to loſt Angels Place;
How cou'd I Weep (Had I my Eyes agin)
The Deſp'rate Caſe Inchanted Souls are in,
Immerſ'd in Earth and Fleſh, in Filth and Sin!
Is that the World ſo Courted, and ſo Sought?
For which the Unſeen Worlds have thro' all Ages fought?
Bleſs me! my Guide, what wounding ſight is here!
See, how the Spacious Regions of the Air
Throng'd with thick Shoals of Diff'rent Spirits Appear!
See now the Sev'ral Ranks, that fell
From Innocence and Joys Unſpeakable!
Look! ſome of Courſe Alloy, ignoble Birth,
Delight in Dens and Caverns of the Earth;
Others, on other Purpoſes intent,

The

The Atmoſphere's incircling Climes frequent;
Others, in whom a Loftyer Genius Reigns,
Are Dwellers of the Vaſt, Æthereal Plains;
Malignant All! and Studious (as they can)
To' Avenge their Ruin upon Envyed Man!
Poor Mortals, Drown'd in Lethargy and Vice!
Bewitch'd with Wit, with Apiſhneſs and Noiſe!
To whom this View is all Romantic Theam,
Being Nobly Born to Laugh, and Drink, and Dream!
Blind to the World of Unincarnate Hoſts!
The Spoils, the Foot-balls of Contending Ghoſts!
Dream on mad World! thy frantic Dreams Attend!
Time flies Apace to its Appointed End!
Great *Michael* now prepares to Take
His Fatal Trump to Sound,
Almighty Trump, that ſoon will make

Earth's Rooms, and Heav'n's High Roof to Skake,
Death's Adamantine Courts to Quake,
The Quick and Dead (leſs Deaf o'th' Two) to Wake,
Will call paſt Time (Unthought-of Riddle!) Back,
And (ſince thy Age ſhall ſuch, at leaſt, be found)
Will in a Moment Raiſe ſix Thouſand Years from under Ground!
The Patient Judge juſt Ready is to Riſe
From off his Throne, and to Repair
To His Tribunal in the Air,
To Hold thy Univerſal, thy Severe Aſſize;
Venture, ſtill Venture his Revengeful Ire,
The Raging Billows of his Furious Fire!
See then, what Pow'r thy Proud Preſumption hath
To Save thee from the injur'd Saviour's Wrath! ——
Oh me! How Roaring Fiends, looſ'd from their Cell,
Run Gath'ring round the Globe, Supplies for Hell!

See

See how they ſcatter Darkneſs and Diſtruſt,
Sowe up and down their Tares,
Like Fire-balls, Hurl ſtrong Scandalls, Baits & Snares,
With Pregnant Seeds of each Enraged Luſt!
Look! yonder Dev'l does 'midſt gull'd Crowds Record
Dark Oracles, and Craves to be Ador'd!
Look, with what Zeal that Buſy One Creates
Capricious Fewds and Jealouſies in States!
How Archly that does Grim Complexion Paint
With Holy Varniſh, and Bely's the Saint!
How t' Other, near a Murder'd Carkaſs Hid,
Walks Ghaſtly, and Bemoans the Untimely Dead!
Ah! now each Unbeliev'd, Myſterious Rite
Of Stalking *Spectrums* is Expoſ'd to Light;
Of what Looſe Maſs they form their Plyant Dreſs,
How Change their Mien and Viſage as they pleaſe;

What

What Errands force them to appear Below;
What Ghoſtly Laws are giv'n them, when they Go,
How they, Untoucht by Lying Shapes, impoſe,
Dance in their Chains, and Revel in their Woes;
How they are ſtruck, and ſtrike our Organs there,
Throw off their Garb and ſink to Night and Air.
Oh! Dreadfull! See, how firy *Demons* fly
Thick o're our Heads along th' Affrighted Sky,
Dragging Pale Ghoſts, all Howling from Afar,
Rent at the Views of the Deciſive Bar!——
But ſee, How Heav'n's Bright Poſts ſkip to and fro!
Some, Sacred Gifts Convey,
Some, Brandiſh'd Swords of Wrath Diſplay,
And pour deep Vialls out full Charg'd with Woe!
O me! How tamely Some walk up and Down,
Attending Exiles forc'd to Lands Unknown!

Look!

Look! ſome to Priſon Haſte, Reſolv'd to Be
With Fellow-Servants there, or Bound or Free!
Others with Wond'rous, Diligent Survey
Guard Little-ones in Cradles, and at Play,
Charg'd ſtill to Watch their Growing Years,
Diſcuſs their Dangers and their Fears,
Till by Adult Offences Griev'd Away;
Strange! yonder's One, 'midſt Threatning Waves & Air,
A Veſſel holds, Oblig'd by Potent Pray'r!
Some with Concern at Sacred Temples Wait,
(The Porch of Heav'n is Beauteous *Sion's* Gate)
With more Concern, than Ranſom'd Flocks that there
In Fair, Pretending Companies Appear;
Wait, as if they with utmoſt Pleaſure Came,
To hear the Sounds of the Redeemer's Name;
Pleaſ'd to Behold (without our Glimm'ring Glaſs!)

The Executions of Eternal Grace;
Admir'ing Skill Divine, and Proſp'rous Aid
In Rearing an Immortal Church, Diſplay'd,
Expecting there and Overjoy'd to ſee
New Partners joyn'd to their Societie;
Thus does our Peace their pure Affections move,
Bleſt Copies of Eternal Light and Love!
Oh! with what ſpeed and Joy yon Seraphs Come,
Conducting their Reſpective Charges Home! ——
Bleſſ'd God! Cou'd Earth's vile Globe Exalted Be
To Ring o're Heav'n, thus Raiſ'd in thy Decree!
Raiſ'd above all the Numerous Globes, that Lie
Within thy Hand, Beneath thy Piercing Eye!
Has that vile Spot, thro' Running Time, Engroſs'd
Divine Compaſſion, Wiſdome, Thought,
Both fairly Conquer'd and Dear Bought,

The

The World immenſely Bleſt, by being Loſt?
What Royal Grace Purſues our Sinfull Soil,
With Hell's Strong Prince Divides the Captive Spoil?
Worthy in Endleſs Praiſe and Songs to Sound,
Does 'midſt our Guilt thus Triumph and Abound!
Reſcues, Exalts a Choſen Part as High,
As others Low in deep Deſtruction Lie;
Thus the Poor Globe muſt Caſt its Primitive Right,
Be Spoil'd and Drain'd of all its Natives Quite,
Entirely Shar'd 'twixt Hell, and Realms of Light,
No Wonder, Sacred Oracles Declare
It muſt fly thence, & Quit its Ancient Sphere;
Be thrown Aſide, as ſtain'd with Sins Diſgrace,
Or elſe Refin'd for a more Righteous Race.
Bleſs me! Wou'd Heav'n's High Heir, th' Eternal Son
Redeem his Rebells, Purchaſe the Undone?

Wou'd

Wou'd he put on their Fleſh, and Sojourn there?
Tread Curſed Soil and Breathe Polluted Air?
Wou'd He there Die, Reſolv'd in Boundleſs Love,
To ſhow How He cou'd Crim'nal Duſt improve?
Cou'd Waſh Black Souls with Sacred Blood of's own,
And Lead an Earthly Spouſe t' his Father, & his Throne?
Bleſs me! muſt yonder Grov'ling, Pigmy-Wights
Surmount the Lords of theſe Superiour Lights?
Muſt they the Court and Preſence-Chamber Fill,
With Stately'ſt Courtyers Vye in Luſtre and in Skill?
Sing Angells, Sing! and let new Harps be-Strung,
To Eccho Confort to a New-made Song!
Sing you, that ſee Bright Lov's Myſterious Face!
Love, that involv'd them in Deſigns of Grace!
That ſee the Grace, that all their Sins Outreach'd;
That ſee the Hell, from whence they'r ſav'd and fetcht,
(Sav'd,

(Sav'd, while, Alas! your Doleſull Brethren are
Plung'd in Vindictive Flames and in Deſpair!)
That ſee *His* Grandieur, whoſe Rich Blood was Spilt
To Waſh their Souls, and Blot their Crimſon Guilt!
That ſee the Pow'r, that will their Lives Retrieve!
That ſee the Glories, they can ſcarce Believe!
That ſee (withall) their Vile, Ungratefull Mind!
That feel the Joys, for which they are Deſign'd!
That from the Throne, Drink Beams and Pleaſures new!
That know what 'tis to Joyn, and Equal you!
You that ſee this, theſe Theams that muſt Employ
The Countleſs Ages of Eternity,
Who at theſe Views are Raviſht with Delight,
Whoſe Singing Pow'rs are Equal to your Sight,
O Sing for them (if you have Songs to Spare,
Songs, that Undue for your own Glories are)!

Ye *Cherubs* first the Raptu'rous Song Begin,
And Load the Burden of your Song
With *Hallelujah's* Loud and Long!
Then *Seraphs* in your Time and Place fall in!
Fall in and Catch the Rising Sound
At its Remote Rebound!
Warble, Prostrate and Be
The *Chorus* in the Applauding Companie!
And mount the Musie Higher, and then
Ye Tall Arch-Angells Seal the Song with your *Amen*!
Thus Live and Sing! and as you Sing, Fall Down,
Paying all Homage to the Eternal Crown!
Sing and Adore! and by the Songs you Raise
Atone for their Unpardonable want of Praise.

But

X.

But while I Greedily Survey
The Little Globe, where I my Being Gain'd,
Methinks, I'me Seiz'd upon the Way,
And Forcibly Detain'd
By yonder Grave Proceſſion that's Begun;
Look there, with what Solemnitie,
And Mournfull Decencie,
That Funeral Pomp Advances ſlowly On!
Alaſs! Alaſs! I ſee
By ſomething of the Companie,
But more by Sympathetic Qualm I find,
There go the Reliques, that I left Behind!
There they are Marching to the Silent Room,
That Truely long ago

Was Due to them and Deſtin'd ſo
By Guilty Nature and Inexorable Doom;
Thanks, Pious Friends, ſo Loving and ſo Good,
Who this Laſt Office Pay,
Who thus Reſpectfully Convey
The Uſeleſs Cargo to an Undiſturb'd Abode!
Kind Miniſters of Law ſevere and juſt,
That thus Remands our Duſt to Duſt!
May you long Live and Superſede
Such Fatal Services, nor need
Such Gloomy Tenement, but when ye Do,
May the ſame Favour, Friends! be paid to you!
Alaſs! What Diff'rence now Appears to be
Betwixt Immortal Me,
And, Poor, Fereaved Carkaſs, Thee?
How Vital, Sprightly, and Perceptive I?

Offspring

Offspring of Heav'n, and Rival of the Sky!
Fill'd with Amazement, and Delight Anew,
On this Surprizing, Intellectual View!
Awak'd to Act, and ſee, and Feel much more
Than all the impriſon'd Powers cou'd before!
Fled from the Cranies of Embarraſs'd Senſe,
I'me Grown all Eye, and Ear, and all Intelligence.
Mean while, how Squalid and how Diſmal Thou,
Of Duſt Compoſ'd, to Duſt Returning now!
Diſmal, as is Death's Melancholy Shade!
And Squalid, as the Place where thou art Laid!
No Dawning Sun can Cheer thee with his Light;
No Moon or Starrs peep in by Night;
Late a Well-Guarded Fort waſt Thou,
Abandon'd and Defenceleſs now!
The Double Guards Appointed to Oppoſe

The Inſults of Approaching Foes,
Have all their Truſts and Offices Deny'd,
Fall'n cold and moveleſs by thy ſide;
Can Drive no Tim'rous Mole or Worm from thence,
To Wooden Walls oblig'd ev'n for their own Defence;
The Pillars of thy Fabric now no more
Support the Weight, that once they Bore;
Down they are fall'n, and Sunk Beneath the Ground,
With Earth and their own Ruins Cover'd Round;
The whole Retinue that attended Thee
Muſt henceforth Pine and Starve, and Famiſh'd Be;
The Mill is Done, and Service there,
The Grinders can Prepare no Cheer;
The Watchmen, for their Function Seated High,
Ordain'd the Ambient Region to Deſcry
Look out no more, nor mind the Foe,

Nor

Nor give their *Items* to the Guards Below ;

6 The Doors are Barr'd, and Silent ev'ry Room,
No Gratefull Viſitants can Go or Come;

7 The Miniſters of Harmony
Diſtun'd and Speechleſs Lie!
All ſtopt the Organs! and all Broke the Keys!
More Lifeleſs than the Strings that Late did Pleaſe!
Delights are Gone, and Tempting Objects fled,

8 And all thy Inclinations too are Dead ;
Little, Ah! Little didſt thou Conſider ſure,
When Youth and Blood was Warm,
What Dire Cataſtrophe thou muſt Endure,
Unſtirr'd by Wonted Springs, and Deaf to every Charm!

9 Alaſs! The Silver Cord, that Ty'd
The Joynted Beam and Rafters cloſe,
That Strength and Tone around the Walls Supply'd,

Unwiſted

Untwiſted Lies, and all its Branches Looſe;
The Golden and Capacious Bowl,
The Houſe and Labo'ratory of the Soul,
With all its Vital Furniture's Deſtroy'd,
No Forge, or Flame Remains,
No more it Faſhions, or Contains,
The Subtil Utenſils I manag'd and Employ'd;
The Fountain, that in 'midſt did Play,
And thro' each Room cut out its Lambent Way,
Exhauſted is of all its Store,
And Loads the Pitcher with its Streams no more;
The Wheel is Broke, and each Nutritious Juice
That did with Life Abound,
And gather'd more by Whirling Round,
Now Stagnates and Corrupts for want of Ancient Uſe;
The Curious Net-work and Mechanic Lace
Diſſolves

Diſſolve and Melt Apace;
Where's now the Embroyd'ry of each Sumptuous Part?
Was this the Mirror of Unbounded Art?
Strange, that the Maker ſhou'd his Work Diſdain!
Unravel't all, as if 'twere made in Vain!
But ſee the Pow'r of Law and Wrath Divine!
In Darkſom Graves does Heav'n's Bright Juſtice ſhine;
See how Provoking Humane Race has been!
See there the Wages of Hereditary Sin!
But Strange, that Things ſo Diſtant ſhou'd Combine!
That Sp'rit and Clay ſhou'd in ſuch Wedlock Joyn!
Strange, that I ſhou'd ſo Long, ſo Gladly Dwell
With ſuch an Uncouth Inmate, and Unſuitable!
Strange, that I cou'd ſuch Noiſom Preſence Bear,
And Doat upon that Sordid Lumber there!

But yet I muſt with due Reſentment own
What once Thou waſt, and once haſt Done;
My Loyal, my Coeval Bride,
Eſpouſ'd at his Command,
Beſtow'd by his own Hand,
Who the firſt Humane Pair in Nuptial Union Ty'd!
Farewell, Farewell, my Dear!
The Conſtant Part'ner of my Hope and Fear!
My Boſom-Friend, my Old Relief,
Whoſe Kindneſs wou'd be ſure
To ſeek my Wounds a Cure,
And by a Sigh or Tear ſtrive to Diſſolve my Grief!
Farwell, my Priſon, my Diſeaſe!
What Pining Seaſons were
My Treatment and my Fare,

As Long as thou waſt made the Keeper of my Peace?
Go Tempter, Go, as thou haſt been!
A Quick Extinguiſher of Heav'nly Fires!
A Source of Black Enormity and Sin!
Thou Cramp of Sacred Motions and Deſires!
How Brave and Bleſt am I
Unfetter'd from thy Company,
Thou Enemy of my Joys and me!
But Pardon that I thus
Unconſciouſly Accuſe!
How much more Cruel have I been to Thee?
'Twas Cruel I, oblig'd thee to Obey
The Wilfull Dictates of my Guilty Sway!
'Twas I, made all thoſe Ills, and Death thy own,
Condemn'd thee to the Jail, where thou art Thrown;

My

My Crimes Debauch'd thy Duſt, and Forfeited
Thy Happy Reſtoration from the Dead,
But 'tis Reſolv'd, Dear Mate, that we
Shan't always thus Divorced Be;
We 'll meet again, Long, Long to Try
What Vigour Abſence adds to Joy;
Be ſure then, Grave, thou Faithfull Prove!
The Dear *Depoſitum* obſerve,
Tell Ev'ry Sinew, Bone, and Nerve,
They'r all Recorded in the Regiſter Above:
As they Diſſolve, tell ev'ry Duſt,
For thô thou call'ſt it Thine,
Thou muſt it all Reſign,
'Tis but a while Committed to thy Truſt;
When the Awak'ning Trump ſhall Sound,

Thy

Thy Vaſt Accounts ſhall be call'd in,
Be Canvaſſ'd, that it may be ſeen
What thy Arrears and Debts have been
To the' Overſeer of all Conſecrated Ground;
Thy Mighty Landlord He! who ſtill will have
The Keys of Death and of the Grave!
He'll Watch thoſe Purchaſ'd Reliques there, which we
Lay Down with Grief and leave with thee;
Thy Captiv'd Tenants all are His,
His Priſoners, or his Heirs of Bliſs;
The one he will Demand to Doom,
And Kindly fetch the other Home;
He ſees thy Conſtant Rage, but meaneth ſo
To Inhance his Honour in thy Overthrow;
He'll Burſt thy Bowells, and by Pow'r

Forces thee all that Food Restore
Which Thou, Curst Canibal, didst e're Devour;
Sleep then Dear Mate, in Peace, in Quiet Dwell,
Secure from all thy Cares,
From me, and Foes, and Snares,
Sleep on, till I Return to Call thee from thy Cell.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Stanza II.

1. SEven Years ago (for ſo long at leaſt, I ſuppoſe, this verſe has been compoſ'd) the Velocity of the Blood, running thro' the Heart, was reckon'd to be very great; But now I think, Dr. *Keil* in his late ingenious Book, concerning Animal Secretion, has Diſcover'd it to be much greater; for He there ſuppoſes that the Heart Contracts eighty times in a Minute; that each Contraction throws into the *Aorta* an Ounce of Blood; that therefore each Minute, 80 Ounces of Blood are thrown into the Artery next the Heart. And thence he Calculates, that the Blood runs, in that Artery at leaſt, at the Rate of 52 Feet in a Minute.

Now then his Learned Brother of *Oxford* will teach the Anatomiſts to Compute the Velocity of the Blood in the other and ſmaller Arteries. For, ſays He, if the Sum of all the Orifices or Tranſverſe Sections in all the Branches

Branches of the Arteries, be Equal to the Tranſverſe Section, of the *Aorta*, from whence thoſe Branches are Derived, then the Blood runs as ſwift in thoſe Arteries as in the *Aorta* it ſelf. But if the Sum of all thoſe Orifices or Cavities are greater than the Cavity (Tranſverſely conſider'd) of the *Aorta*, then the Blood (as having more Room to Run in) Runs leſs Swiftly than in the *Aorta*: And if the ſame Sum of the Cavities, conſidered together, be leſs than the Cavity or Tranſverſe Section of the *Aorta*, then the Blood, in the Smaller Arteries muſt Run faſter than in the *Aorta*. *Keil's Introduct: in Veram Phyſic:* at the End of the Tenth Lecture. And Dr. *Keil's* Diſcourſe of Animal Secretion.

Sect. III.

1. 'Tis eaſily known from any Anatomiſt, what is the Fabric of the Ear; as that it contains, beſides the outward Orifice and Auditory Paſſage, the *Tympanym* or Drum; being a membrance ſtretch'd upon a Bony Circle, like a Velum upon the Head of a Drum; and then the Barrel, in the Cavity of which are 4 little Bones, call'd the *Hammer*, the *Anvil*, the *Stirrup*, and the *Os Orbiculare*. The External Air being mov'd, when Sounds are made, ſtrikes the Drum. The ſtriking of the Drum moves the Bones that are in the Barrel; the moving of thoſe Bones conveys like Motion to the Internal Air.

By

By the Motion of that Air a ſuitable Motion is impreſs'd on the Auditory nerves in the *Cochlea*. The *Cochlea* is a Winding Paſſage, ſomewhat like a *Snails* Shell, in which the Auditory nerves, that carry the impreſſion to the Brain, are Situated.

2. 'Tis an inſoluble Enquiry, that Dr. *Hen. More* propoſes to that Great Mechanic Philoſopher, that had Studied Matter more than Spirit; *Quæque ſit ratio imperij Animæ noſtræ in Spiritus Animales, quâ poteſt Eos amandare in quamlibet Corporis partem.* Dr. *More's* 2d. Ep. *ad Ren. Cartes.*

3. 'Tis well known where *Cartes* plac'd the Soul; whence ſays the ſame Dr. *More* to him, *id enim* (conarium *Set.*) *Animæ Acropolin a Te monitus agnoſco.* ibid.

St. IV.

1. 'Tis eaſily Remembred how Death is Painted, and who it is, is ſaid to have the Power of Death, *Hebr* 2. 14. And what is Predicted and Threatned againſt that Deadly Domineerer. *Gen.* 3. 15.

St. V.

1. Here 'tis apparent, that various Philoſophies are conjoin'd. The *Carteſians* ſeem to ſuppoſe, that the Soul is an indiviſible (almoſt Mathematical) point. Others,

(as Dr. *More*) tho' they assert it indivisible (or in their Language, indiscerpible,) yet allow it a sort of Expansion, which they call Metaphysical amplitude. The *Cartesians* call it *res Cogitans*, or *ipsa Cogitatio*; and so suppose it to be (or, at least, never to be without) Actual Thought. Others (as Mr. *Lock*) suppose that it does not always actually Think, or, at least, that it is hard to prove that it does so in Infancy, in Apoplexies and other Diseases. Yet a Vital Activity it may have, for ought I know, without actual, intellective Thought. And its Capacity to Think or not to Think, (that is, its ability and Readiness to Begin to Think, after any Cessation of Thought) seems to be as good a Note of its immateriality, as if it did always Actually Think.

2. Dr. *Hen. More* takes a Deal of pains, in *Glanvill's Sadducismus Triumphatus*, to Dispute against a Learned *Psychopyrist* (as he calls Him; viz. Mr. *Baxter*) that would, in some respects, Compare Spirit to Fire and Flame; yet in his *Antidote against Atheism*, l. 3. in the *Appendix* thereto, Ch. 3. He says, *Suppose a Point of Light, from which Rays out a Luminous Orb, according to the known Principles of Optics; This Orb of Light now*, says He, *does very much Resemble the Nature of a Spirit, which is, Diffusive and Extended, and yet indivisible.* So that He is as much a *Psychopyrist*, for ought I know, as the Person he calls so. Both Design but a very faint and partial

partial Compariſon of Spirit to Flame and Light. And ſtill it muſt remain a Myſtery, how ſuch a *Divinæ Particula auræ* (as the *Poet* calls the Soul) ſhou'd be ſo fetter'd to the Body, and Diſorder'd by its maladies.

St. VI.

1. They that wou'd ſee the Notional Doctrine of Vehicles, with their ſuppoſed Differences, according to the Vital Congruities of the Spirits to which they Belong, may Conſult Dr. *More's Immortality of the Soul*, Book 3. Chap. 11.

St. VII.

2. Since there is (as will afterwards be Hinted) a mutual attraction in all matter, the conſtant Elaſticity of the Air ſeems yet unaccounted for. All the parts of matter (ſay our New Philoſophers) have a tendency towards each other; And yet the Particles of Air (when Leave is given them, by withdrawing the Circumambient Air) fly from each other with ſuch Violence as to break Metalline Veſſels, and to take up many Hundred times the ſpace, that ordinarily they Do.

2. Mr. *Boyle* tells us, there is always in the Air a Swarm of Steams moving in a Determinate Courſe betwixt

betwixt the North and South Pole; Diſcover'd by the Magnetiſm of the Earth. *Coſmic: Suſpicions*, p. 4.

3. See Mr. *Boyle's Cauſes of the Salubrity and Inſalubrity of the Air.* And Dr. *Mead's Account of Poyſons, Eſſay*, 5.

4. Various Steams from the Planets may affect our Air, as well as Quantities of Opacous matter (ſome, it's ſuppoſ'd, as big as *Europe*) are ſaid to be Vomited out by the Sun, which in their Diffuſion may poſſibly reach our Atmoſphere. *Coſmic: Suſpic*: p. 20.

5. Eſſential Forms I ſay, rather than *Subſtantial*. Thoſe Subſtantial ones being in the Judgment of Great Philoſophers (and even of Mr. *Boyle* Himſelf) injuriouſly imputed to *Ariſtotle*.

6. 'Tis ſuppoſ'd, that there are certain invariable Particles of matter, that are the firſt Principles and Ingredients of mixt Bodies; from the various Compoſitions and Complications of which ariſes all that Diverſity we ſee in Natural Bodies; and from the Determinate Number and Nature of which Principles it comes to paſs that no ſpecies of Natural Bodies are loſt, and no new ones produc'd. See Dr. *Grew's Coſmolog. Sacr.* B. 1. Ch. 3. And Mr. *Ray's Wiſdom of God in Creation*. p. 1.

7. The Philoſopher, that ſaid the Soul was *Harmony*,

mony, wou'd much more ſay ſo of Vertuous Souls; at leaſt we may ſee (by the Nature and Effects of it) that Divine Grace carries a Celeſtial Attraction and Magnetiſm in it, while we read, *That the Multitude of them that Believed were of one Heart and of one Soul; neither ſaid any of them, that ought of the Things he poſſeſs'd, was his own, but they had all things Common. Acts* 4. 32. A Contrary Gravication (viz. to Earth, and Earthly things) has drove that Heavenly one out of the World.

8. 'Twas long ago concluded that *Love* was an Eſtabliſh'd Law in the Material, as well as in the Rational and Moral World; Whence ſays Dr. S. *Parker*, *Atque aliquam ejuſmodi Cauſam* (effectricem, Sct. quæ materiam in ordinem redegit) *materiæ adjunxiſſe Dicuntur* (Veteres Sct.) *quod ad Rerum generationem Plerique aut Amorem, aut Amicitiam aut Concordiam adhibuerint; quibus, inquiunt, Vocibus, Cauſam quandam Architectricem, Poetarum more, intelligebant; quæ materiam ſecum conſentire, atque, in hunc Univerſi Ordinem conſpirare Effecit.* Diſput. De Deo. p. 377. Whence perhaps it is, that *Lucretius* invokes *Venus* (the known Miſtreſs of Love) as the inſpirer of his Phyſical Poem.

Quæ quoniam Rerum Naturam Sola gubernas,
Nec ſine Te quicquam Dias in Luminis Oras
Exoritur,

Exoritur, neque fit Lætum, nec Amabile quicquam,
Te Sociam ſtudeo Scribundis Verſibus eſſe; ——

Accordingly our *Cowley* celebrates Love as the Cauſe of this Compacted World.

What art thou, Love? thou great Myſterious Thing!
From what hid Stock does thy ſtrange Nature ſpring?
'Tis thou that mov'ſt the World thro' every part,
And hold'ſt the Vaſt Frame cloſe, that nothing Start
From the Due Place and Office firſt ordain'd,
By thee were all Things made, and are Suſtain'd &c.

David. L. 2.

Yet never was this Law of Love ſo well evinc'd and eſtabliſh'd as in the *Newtonian* Philoſophy; where a Fundamental Theorem and Principle is this, *Gravitatem in Univerſa Corpora fieri, Eamque Proportionalem eſſe Quantitati in ſingulis* That all Bodies have a Gravitating Tendency towards each other, and that, in proportion to the Quantities of matter of which they conſiſt. *Newton's Princip. Mathemat.* L. 3. Prop. 7. From which Principle are ſtrangely Deduc'd both all the Regular Motions

Motions of the Heavenly Bodies (both Primary and Secondary) as alſo their Anomalies and Irregularities, cauſ'd by mutual Gravitations in their approaches to each other. Which Law of Gravitation (or Attraction, as others call it) ſeems a ſignal inſtance of Divine Wiſdom and Power, and a Reproof to the moral World, that is no better acquainted with moral Gravitation, or Love.

Beſides this Univerſal Gravitation, diſcover'd and prov'd by the Famous Sir *Iſaac Newton*, the ingenious Mr. *John Keil* of *Oxford*, produces us another ſort of Attraction (or an Attraction Govern'd by other Laws) diſcover'd by Him in the matter about this Globe, and Publiſh'd in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, Num. 315. *Poſt iterata ſæpius Experimenta*, ſays He, *materiæ Terreſtri ineſſe Deprehendi vim quandam Attractricem, ex quâ Plurimorum Phænomenon ratio petenda eſt. Meque hâc de re cogitata, abhinc quinquennio, Domino Newtono indicavi; ex eo autem intellexi, eadem fere, quæ ipſe inveſtigaveram, ſibi diu ante animadverſa fuiſſe.*

Now leaſt this Terreſtrial Attraction ſhou'd be deem'd but a Branch of that Univerſal one, that Sir *Iſaac Newton* had before eſtabliſh'd, He tells us how it differs from that. Particularly it differs from it on theſe two Accounts. 1. The Univerſal Gravitation is always proportionable to the Quantity of matter in the

the Gravitating Bodies. But this Terreſtrial Gravitation or Attraction (Terreſtrial I call it, becauſe it is already found in Terreſtrial matter; not but that perchance, it may be found in other Planetary matter, were there the ſame opportunity of Tryal) is not ſo. But proceeds rather according to the Quantity of Contact; ſo that the more Corpuſcles touch each other, the greater is the Coherence; And the Remoter Corpuſcles, even in the ſame Body, contribute little or nothing to the Coheſion. 2. The Univerſal Gravitation increaſes, as the Squares of the Diſtance Decreaſe; or Decreaſes as the Squares of Diſtance increaſe; but Terreſtrial Gravitation decreaſes in more than a double proportion to the Diſtance increaſing. So that the force of it reaches but a very little way. But can the Philoſophical World forbear the Study of all thoſe curious Theorems? But here's enough to ſhow how vainly all the *Carteſian* and other Theoriſts attempted the Fabricating ſuch a World as this, without the Notice of theſe Powers in Matter; and to ſhow alſo how juſtly it may be ſaid,

This Whole World's Law and Life appears to Be
Nought elſe but Love and Harmonie.

9. Tis

9. 'Tis known to Naturaliſts, that the more Plain and Smooth Surfaces are, the more cloſely they cling together. Whence Poliſh'd Marbles, *in Vacuo*, or in an Exhauſted Receiver, require a great Force to Seperate 'em. So that Corpuſcles, that are terminated with plain Surfaces on all ſides, will produce Bodies of the firmeſt Coheſion, Vide Dr. *Cheyne's Principles of Natural Religion.* Ch. 1. Sect. 44.

10. This odd Phænomenon you find in Dr. *More's Immortality of the Soul*, B. 3. Ch. 12. Where He imputes the working and fermenting of our Wines, at that Seaſon, to Particles or *Effluvia*, that fly hither from the Vines growing in the *Canaries*, or in *Spain*. Which if true, is not a Solution of the Strange Appearance.

11. This Phænomenon of Linnen's more Eaſy quitting its Vegetable Dyes and Stains, at that Seaſon of the Year, wherein thoſe Vegetables flower, had ſcarce been taken Notice of, had it not been ſo by the Great Mr. *Boyle*, in his *Coſmical Suſpicions*, p. 16.

12. Of this odd Appearance, ſee *Boyle's* Coſm. Suſpic. p. (mihi) 17.

13. Very intricate, till of late at leaſt, have been the *Phænomena* of the Winds; but what account is now

given of ſome Conſtant ones, by the Sun's Rarefying the Air, may be ſeen in Mr. *Keil's Examination of Burnet's Theory.* 5.

14. This Greek Phraſe falling in ſo naturally here, and being ſo common an Adage for an unexpected Aid, or (as we ſay) a *Help at a Dead Lift*, I cou'd ſcarce forbear to uſe it; Thô how the Critic will bear it in an Engliſh Poem, I cannot tell; I ſuppoſe I muſt either Beg his Pardon, or abide his Cenſure, or deſire him to Correct it.

15. Some of which Problems may be ſeen in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions.* Num. 206. Others at the End of Sir *Iſaac Newton's* Book of Optics.

16. 'Tis a Strange Diſcovery that Great Optician has made; 1. That ſome Rays of the Sun are otherwiſe Reflectible and Refrangible than others. 2. That Whiteneſs (that ſeems the moſt ſimple of all) is Compounded of all the Primary Colours mixt in their Due Proportions.

St. VIII.

1. Dr. *Bentley* had ſaid in his Laſt Lecture, Preach'd on Mr. *Boyle's* Foundation, that becauſe the Moon always ſhows us the ſame Face, therefore ſhe does not wheel about

about her own Centre. This gave Mr. *Keil* occaſion to Reply, *That 'tis Evident to any one that Thinks, that the Moon ſhews the ſame Face to us, for this very Reaſon, becauſe ſhe does turn once in the time of her Period, about her own Centre.* This is true. And the only Apology I can make for the Dr. is This. In the Moon (appearing ſuppoſe at Full) we may conſider either thoſe Edges that are at the Top, and at Bottom, which we may call *Zenith* and *Nadir*, or if you pleaſe, North and South; or thoſe that are on the Right and Left Hand, as we view the Moon, and they may be call'd Eaſt and Weſt. I Write not for Philoſophers, and therefore uſe the more Circumlocution: Now there may be conceived 2 Axes going thro' the Centre of the Moon; the one having its Poles in the North and South Edges of the Moon, or in its *Zenith* and *Nadir*; about that Axis the Moon muſt be ſuppoſed to Revolve once in the time of her Period; But now, I ſuppoſe the Dr. was thinking of that Axis that may be conceived to have its Poles in the Eaſtern and Weſtern Edges or ſides of the Moon; about which if it ſhou'd Revolve, it wou'd turn away its preſent Face from us. Therfore about that Axis, or about its Centre as penetrated by ſuch an Axis, it does not once Revolve. See Mr. *Keil's Examination of Dr. Burnet's Theory*, p. 70.

2. In the Pacific Sea the Tides are greater than elſewhere, according to Sir *Iſaac Newton's* Report of the

the Matter; *In mari autem Pacifico, quod profundius eſt et latius patet, æſtus dicuntur eſſe majores quàm in Atlantico et Æthiopico. Princip. Mathem.* p. 465.

3. We are told, that by reaſon of the Sun's Agency upon the Moon (or the Moon's Gravitation towards the Sun) ſhe neither deſcribes the ſame ſort of *Ellipſis*, or the ſame Curve at all times, nor the ſame *Area's* at all equal times; So that much irregularity is found in her Motions; *Cheyne's Philoſoph. Principles.* Ch. 3. S. 16.

4. *Cartes* ſays *Solem à flammâ differre, quod non ità egeat alimento. Princip.* part. 3. art. 22.

5. It's probable that the Sun was the moſt general Deity among the Poor, benighted Pagans; according to Dr. *S. Parker's* aſſertion, *Sic rude admodum olim Mortalium Genus, cum adverterent Solertiſſimam Univerſi Oeconomiam, protenus Opificem, qui illam condiderat inveſtigatum irent. Sole autem cum nihil illuſtrius, nihil utilius reperirent, Eum proxime, tanquam rerum Omnium, tum Auctorem, tum Regem Salutant. Tentam. Phyſico. Theolog.* Lib. 2. Cap. 1. But thô they ador'd the Creature in ſtead of the Creator, nothing forbids us to conſider it as a ſort of Image and Subſtitute to the Great God, in Communicating Light and Beneficence to the Planetary Syſtem.

6. The

6. The Planets are wont to be call'd *Lictores Solis*; *Selden's Prolegom. De Dijs Syris.* whence it ſeems Condeſcention in him to turn Round his own Axis, in order to ſend out Kind influence as far as the Remoteſt of 'em. See Dr. *Cheyne's* Philoſoph. Principles, Ch. 3. S. 21.

7. Sir *Iſaac Newton* has ſhown that the Sun's Beams conſiſt of Rays that are in themſelves differently Reflectible and Refrangible; that on thoſe different modes or degrees of Reflection and Refraction depends all the Diverſity of Colour. *Optics*, p. 52. and 87. And Dr. *Cheyne's Principles*, Ch. 1. S. 39. I think misprinted for S. 40.

8. Dr. *Cheyne* ſhows from the ſame Great *Optician*, that all Bodies attract the Rayes of Light towards them in Lines perpendicular to their Surfaces. Princip. Ch. 1. S. 42.

9. Thô Bodies attract Rayes of Light, yet Sir *Iſaac* ſeems to intimate (what ſeems ſtrange) that the Rayes of Light, in their incidence, come not to the Bodies themſelves, but begin to bend before they arrive at 'em. So that by their Bending they form a Curve Line, rather than a proper Angle. *Optics*, Q. 4. at the End.

10. Tho' 'tis ſuppoſ'd that Sun-Beams are (many of 'em) attracted into and impriſon'd in all Bodies, yet there is no ſenſible Diminution of his Bulk or influence. Whence Dr. *Cheyne* takes occaſion to tell you, that a Body as big as the Sun may Conſtantly, for any finite Number of Years, ſend out Oceans of Streams, and yet the ſum of 'em all be no greater than a Cubical inch, or even than a grain of Sand. *Philoſoph. Princ.* Ch: 1. S. 42. But in an infinite Duration ſuch a Body muſt needs be Exhauſted. Whence Mr. *Keil* juſtly concludes that this World neither was, nor cou'd be from Eternity. *Lectiones Phyſ.* Lect. 5.

11. Dr. *Cheyne* tells us, from Mr. *Romer*, that Light ſpends about ten Minutes in coming from the Sun to us. *Philoſoph. Principles*, Ch. 1. S. 35. But Sir *Iſaac Newton*, from the ſame Author, ſays, it ſpends about 7 or 8 Minutes in the ſame flight. Dr. *Cheyne's* Calculation, upon his own Suppoſition, is, that it flies at the rate of a Hundred and Thirty thouſand Miles in the time of a ſecond, or of one pulſe of an Artery.

12. 'Tis juſtly reckon'd a piece of Divine Wiſdom, ſo to have adapted the Rayes of Light, that in paſſing thro' different Mediums, they ſtill take the ſhorteſt way (conſidering the Refracting Powers of the ſeveral Mediums) that can be, towards the point that is to be illuminated. See Dr. *Cheyne's* Princ. Ch. 3. S. 31.

13. 'Tis

13. 'Tis ſuppoſ'd, that becauſe of the Attraction of Light by and towards Bodies, that therefore it moves faſter in Body, than in *Vacuo*. *Newton's Optics*, B. 2. prop. 10. *Cheyne's* Principles, Ch. 1. S. 41.

14. The Planets are ſuppoſ'd to be the Denſer, the nearer they are (one than the other) to the Sun. Thence ſays the Great Philoſopher, *Collocavit ergo Deus Planetas in Diverſis Diſtantijs a Sole, ut quilibet pro gradu Denſitatis calore Solis majore vel minore fruatur.* So near then is *Mercury* to the Sun, that he adds, *Aqua noſtra, ſi in Orbe Mercurij locaretur, in Vapores ſtatim abiret. Princip. Mathemat.* p. 415. And yet that Denſe Planet has got the Volatile Name, *Mercury*.

15. Monſieur *Huygens* ſays thus concerning *Venus*, I have often wondred, that, when I have view'd *Venus* at her neareſt to the Earth, when ſhe Reſembled an Half-Moon, juſt beginning to have ſomething like Horns, thro' a Teleſcope of 45, or 60 Foot long, ſhe always appear'd to me all over Equally Lucid; that I can't ſay I obſerv'd ſo much as one Spot in her, thô in *Jupiter* and *Mars*, which ſeem much leſs to us, they are plainly perceived. *Huygen's Conjectures concerning the Planetary Worlds*; B. 2. in *Venus*.

16. Whence *Kepler* cries out. *O vere auream Venerem! Quiſquamne dubitabit amplius totum Veneris Globum ex puro*

25. It may be Conjectur'd, that all *Saturn's Satellites* are not yet diſcover'd, ſince there is ſuch a Diſproportion'd Diſtance betwixt the 4th and 5th, as may be ſeen in *Huygens's* Draught of 'em.

26. See an Orbit of the Comets in the Solar Syſtem ſet at the beginning of Mr. *Whiſton's* Theory. And his *Lemma*, 46th.

27. Dr. *Cheyne* having hinted that poſſibly the Comets may be the Habitation of Delinquents in a ſtate of Puniſhment, 'twas eaſy thence to imagine them ſo many Travelling Priſons, to give notice of a Divine *Nemeſis*, to the ſeveral Worlds thro' which they paſs. *Philoſoph. Princ.* Ch. 3. S. 18.

28. 'Tis currant Philoſophy now, that the vaſt Spaces between and beyond the Planets (including with them their Atmoſpheres) are not full of Æthereal and Subtil matter, as uſe to be ſuppoſ'd; but are either perfectly, or at leaſt ſenſibly a pure and proper *Vacuum*; *Whiſton's* Theory, *Corollary* to *Lemma*, 63. The Prime Philoſopher's Expreſſion is, *Si aſcendatur in Cælos ubi pondus Medij, in quo Planetæ moventur, Diminuitur in immenſum, Reſiſtentia prope ceſſabit. Princip. Mathem.* p. 417. It may well be ſaid, *Diminuitur in immenſum*, if Dr. *Bentley's* Computation ſhou'd hold, who Computes, that if a Globe of our Atmoſpherical Air (of one inch Diameter)

Diameter) were rarefyed to the fineneſs and Subtlety of the Regions above *Saturn* (as I Remember, if not of Regions Below) it wou'd fill the whole *Orbis Magnus*.

29. The Curious adjuſting of Projectile Motion (or Centrifugal force) with Centripetal Power (or Gravity) from whence ſo many *Phænomena* of Nature are accounted for, may be ſeen in *Whiſton's* Theory, *Lemma* 16. And *Keil's* Examination of *Burnet's* Theory Ch. 6.

30. *I am come to Tell Thee, that there is a God, and a very juſt and Terrible one too*, ſaid the Major's *Spectrum* to his Confederate, Captain *Dyke*. A Story, which, beſides *Glanvill's* Report of it, is ſo many other ways Derived from the Captain himſelf, (who ſtill atteſted it, and ſtood in Awe of the Remembrance of it) that no matter of Fact, of which he himſelf alone was Eye and Ear witneſs, can be better atteſted. But becauſe there are many Spurious Stories of this Nature, and many are thereupon abſolutely incredulous about All: I wou'd only aſk the incredulous, what Reſpect they will pleaſe to pay to the Honourable *Boyle's* Teſtimony, and to the Reports that *Phyſitians* (who are wont, in this matter, to be as Sceptical as any) as well as others, made to him concerning the Iſſue of their own Scepticiſm. Now ſays that Excellent Perſon,

Perſon, *The Souls of inquiſitive Men are Commonly ſo Curious to learn the Nature and Condition of Spirits, as that the Over-Greedy deſire to diſcover ſo much, as that there are other Spiritual Subſtances beſides the Souls of Men, has prevail'd with too many to try forbidden ways for attaining Satisfaction; and many have choſen rather to venture the putting themſelves within the Power of Demons, than remain ignorant, whether or no there are any ſuch Beings. As I have learn'd by the private Acknowledgments made me of ſuch Unhappy (thô not Unſucceſsful) Attempts, by Diverſe Learned Men (both of other Profeſſions and that of Phyſic) who themſelves made them in different places, and were Perſons neither Timerous nor Superſtitious. Excellency of Theology.* p. 3. The Confeſſions that were alſo voluntarily made to Dr. *H. More*, may hereafter be Reported. To all which, and many more Credibilities, that may be produc'd, nothing can be oppoſ'd but an obſtinate Denyal, and that, uſually made by thoſe whoſe ſorrowfull intereſt it is, that there ſhou'd be no other World, and no inviſible Powers waiting for our Arrival among them.

31. Alluding to *Virgil's* Diſcription of Fame;

——— Cui quot ſunt Corpore Plumæ,
Tot vigiles Oculi ſubter, (mirabile Dictu)
Tot Linguæ, totidem Ora Sonant, tot Subrigit aures.

32 It

32. It muſt paſs now for Demonſtrated Philoſophy (thô I think, none of the *Phœnomena* of Nature neceſſarily require it, thô incomprehenſible Subtleties are produc'd) that matter is Diviſible *in infinitum*; of which ſee Mr. *Keil's introductio in Veram Phyſicam.* Yet the Arguments ſeem ſo ſtrong on the other Hand, and ſo little leſs than Demonſtrative, that they ſeem to hold Mr. *Boyle,* and other Great Philoſophers in Suſpence and undetermin'd upon the Queſtion. And I remember I have heard an Old Scholaſtical Diſputant Jocularly ſay, He wou'd Diſpute the *Devil* upon that Queſtion, let him take which ſide he wou'd. It need not ſeem ſtrange then, if the Difficulties on both ſides are ſuppoſ'd ſuch, as may, in ſome meaſure, grovel the Angelical Acumen, as I think, ſome Philoſophers have been ready to ſuppoſe they are.

33. If you wou'd conſider the vaſt Bulks of Matter in our Syſtem, ſee the Computed Diameters and Denſities of the Sun and Planets in Mr. *Whiſton's* Theory, *Lemmata,* 33. 34. 36. If you wou'd conſider the Incomprehenſible Minuteneſs and Subtleties of matter, ſee *Leeuwenhock,* who will tell ye, that if a ſmall Grain of Sand were Divided into a Thouſand Millions of parts, and one of thoſe parts divided into a Thouſand Millions more, yet they wou'd be too big for the ſmall Particles of Water that are ſtill round, and flexible and

variable into ſeveral Figures. Who will tell ye too, that not only each Grain of *Wheat*, but each little Globule (of which ſort there are many Millions in each Grain) does Contain a different ſutable Matter, for Compoſing Fleſh and Bones, and Fat, and Hair and Nails, and the ſeveral parts of Humane Body. Who will tell ye too, of Animals ſo ſmall, that a Thouſand Millions of 'em will but Equalize the Bulk of one Grain of Sand. *Anatom.* ſeu *interiora Rerum*, Ep. 1.

Or go to Mr. *Keil's Introductio ad Ver. Phyſ.* Who will tell ye, That there are *Animals* ſo ſmall, that if you Compare them with the Biggeſt *Animals*, as ſuppoſe with *Whales* in the Ocean, they will be found much more diſproportion'd to thoſe *Whales*, than thoſe *Whales* are (viz. each of 'em) to the Whole Globe of the Earth. Yea, he'l tell ye, that what ſome *Philoſophers* have fancied about Spirits, may be actually true concerning theſe Diminutive *Animals*; viz. that many Thouſands of 'em may friſk and dance upon the point of a Needle. Thence how ſmall muſt the Globules of Blood be that Swim in the Veſſels of theſe *Animals*? Why? the ſame Author computes, that ten Thouſand, two Hundred and fifty ſix Mountains, as big as the Biggeſt the Earth bears, do not contain ſo many Grains of Sand, as one Grain of Sand (i. e. the quantity of it) contains Globules of ſuch Blood that Runs

in

in the Veſſels of thoſe *Animals*. But this is not all, He is ready to ſuppoſe, that there are Particles of Matter (and particularly, that thoſe of Light are ſuch) that are as much leſs than thoſe Globules, as thoſe Globules are leſs than Mountains, or leſs, each of 'em, than the Bulk of the whole Earth. But the ſubtlety of Matter outreaches the Comprehenſion of the Mind, altho' it ſhou'd not run to ſuch Extream Minuteneſſes, as are there repreſented, *Lect.* 5.

34. Heat is ſuppoſ'd to Conſiſt in a Vibrating Motion: And Light is ſuppoſ'd to be thrown out of the Sun and Stars, by the vibrating Motion of their parts. *Cheyne's Princ.* Ch. 1. S. 38.

35. 'Tis known that Sir *Iſaac Newton* has broke to pieces all the *Carteſian Vortices*, *Princ. Mathem.* p. 400. Where after a pretty Eaſy Demonſtration he Concludes, *Igitur Hypotheſis Vorticum cum Phænomenis Aſtronomicis omnino pugnat; et non tam ad Explicandos, quam ad perturbandos motus caleſtes conducit.* Whence one wou'd pitty the World, that is ſo oft Cheated by falſe Philoſophies, and ſeduc'd by them, to the Denyal and Refuſal of many Theological Truths.

36. 'Tis Strange, that ſuch an agreeable Principle, as that of Univerſal Gravitation (it being ſo Rational, that Subſtance Congenial, or Congenerous and Similar,

Similar, ſhou'd cleave together, or have an aggregative Power) and which ſeems Confirm'd by ſo many *Phænomena*, ſhou'd lie hid ſo long, thô perhaps ſome Semblances of it may be found among the Ancients; 'tis Surprizing to conſider its fertility, and how many Appearances are ſolv'd by it, eſpecially in Conjunction with projectile Motion. But yet theſe Two will not ſuffice for the Production of this World. Some Conditions (ſays Dr. *Cheyne*) muſt, in ſeveral Caſes, be added to the Univerſal Law of Gravitation. And by none of the known Laws of Motion was the Number, Magnitudes, Diſtances of the fixt Stars Determin'd, or were the Figures, Number, Denſities, mutual Gravitations, Situations and Orders of the Planets adjuſted.

37. Thô our Moderns have made Eminent Advancements in Philoſophy, yet it may juſtly be ſuppoſ'd, they are far from Perfection; More Myſteries in Nature may in Time, be Diſcover'd, which then will more properly be call'd *Phænomena*; and when they are diſcover'd, will doubtleſs want their Due Solutions; and thoſe Solutions, perhaps, may never be given while the World ſtands. Whence ſays Dr. *Cheyne*, it's plain the Moon was deſign'd to Diſturb the Motions of our Earth, for purpoſes, we may, or may never, come to Diſcover. *Princ.* Ch. 3. S. 32.

And

And Mr. *Boyle* ſays, He knows not but future Diſcoveries by improv'd Teleſcopes and other Philoſophical Inſtruments, may oblige us to make Changes in the Grand Syſtem of the Univerſe it ſelf; and in that which we conſider as the moſt Important of the Mundane Bodies to us, the Terraqueous Globe. *Coſmic. Suſpicions.* p. 9.

And Mr. *Keil* ſpeaking of the immenſe Subtlety of the particles of Light, Intimates, that we ſhall not comprehend it, till we come to Heaven (if ever we ſhall come there. O that ſuch Curioſity may inſtigate Philoſophers to Study and take the Appointed way of coming thither!) *Quarum Subtilitatem animus Humanus nunquam forte niſi poſt adeptam in cœlis Perfectionem, aſſequetur. Lect.* 5. So that an Happy Death will make us great Philoſophers. And *He* will then bring Philoſophy to Light, that hath now brought Life and Immortality to Light by his Goſpel.

38. The Story of *Ficinus*, a *Florentine* Philoſopher, appearing after his Death, to his Friend *Michael Mercatus*, to Confirm the Truth of what they had formerly Diſcourſ'd concerning the Immortality of the Soul, is Related by many; particularly by Dr. *H. More* in his *Immortality of the Soul*, B. 2. Ch. 16.

St. 9.

1. Rom. 8. 20. 22.

2. 'Tis, I ſuppoſe, impoſſible now to know what are the Deviations of the Laws and Courſe of Nature from the Original Inſtitution in the ſix Days of Creation. Doubtleſs conſiderable alteration there is, ſince Sin entred into the World, and is there to be Chaſtiz'd. Mr. *Boyle* thinks he obſerves great Irregularities in Nature. *I doubt*, thereupon ſays He, *Thoſe that are thought the Grand Rules, whereby Things Corporeal are Tranſacted, and which ſuppoſe the Conſtancy of the preſent Fabric of the World, and Courſe of Things, are not altogether ſo uniformly comply'd with, as we are wont to preſume. For what Reaſon the Wiſe Author of Nature pleaſ'd to permit, that it ſhou'd be ſometimes, as it were Overrul'd by the Boiſterouſneſs (if I may ſo call it) and Exorbitant Motions of Unruly Portions of Matter, I muſt not*, ſays He, *in this place Enquire. Coſmic. Suſpicions.* p. 19.

Mr. *Whiſton* is ready to ſuppoſe, That thô the Annual Motion of the Earth commenc'd at the Beginning of the *Moſaic* Creation, yet the Diurnal Rotation did

did not but upon the Fall of Man. *Theory. Hypoth.* 3 Now how many alterations in the Courſe of Nature muſt enſue upon that Commencement? and how many New *Phænomena* muſt thence ariſe? *The Satellits of the ſeveral Planets*, ſays Dr. *Cheyne*, *Suffer many and various Diſturbances in their Motions, from the Sun; As alſo the Primary Planets ſuffer likewiſe from the forces of the Sun and the Secondary Planets, Philoſoph. Princ.* Ch. 3. S. 16. And in S. 19. ſpeaking of the Earth's changing the Place of her *Peribelium*, he ſays it's a Queſtion, whether theſe Irregularities were any part of the firſt Contrivance of this Univerſe. Intimating, that poſſibly ſome Variation may now be made from the firſt Contrivance and Inſtitution of this Univerſe.

And certainly 'tis but juſt and Rational to ſuppoſe the Courſe of the Natural World, when the Moral one is Deprav'd, is, in ſome meaſure, alter'd from what it was, when the Moral World ſtood innocent and pure. As the Body of Man, amidſt its Numerous Infirmities, diſcovers Wiſdom, and Juſtice; So may the Heavens too (or Heavenly Bodies) deſign'd now to be Executors of Divine Juſtice, as well as Adminiſtrators of Mercy. So that we are to Conſider now the Reaſons there are for ſuch a Change of ſome Laws and Motions. 1. 'Tis meet that thoſe Heavens, that call us to Contemplate the Glory of God, ſhou'd lead us to conſider, among other portions of his Glory, the Intimations

Intimations that are given of a Holy Righteouſneſs & Diſpleaſure there. Since He that orders all things *pondere, numero, et menſurâ*, has ſettled ſuch Rules in the Heavenly Motions, as will infer Diſorder, Evil and Calamity here Below. Evil and Calamity, Inflicted by Heaven, muſt be by way of Penalty; Penalty muſt ſuppoſe Tranſgreſſion and Demerit. And ſo the Irregularities of Heaven, (where all Beauty and Harmonie ſhou'd moſt eminently dwell) muſt Summon Man to Reflect on the Moral Enormities of Earth.

2. Primitive Curſe is ſtill to be Executed, according to which the Ground is Curſed for Mans ſake; and Man is Doom'd, by one means or other, to be brought down to the Duſt again.

3. Nations and Public Societies have their National and Social Sins, which, upon ſome obſtinate Continuance, and upon certain Aggravations, grow Ripe for Exemplary Puniſhment, and are in this Life (or in the view of this World) to be conſpicuouſly puniſhed, ſince, in the other ſuch Communities ceaſe. That God therefore, that foreſaw the Periods, in which ſuch Crimes wou'd be Ripe for deſerv'd Executions of Juſtice, ſo order'd the Periodical Motions of the Heavenly Bodies, that in juſt Seaſons, they ſhou'd occaſion ſuch Exceſſive Heats, Rains, and Diſorders in our Air, as ſhou'd draw after them Peſtilencies or other Epidemic Diſeaſes, Droughts, Famines, Deluges,

Deluges, and other Public Demonſtrations of Divine Diſpleaſure. As, in Caſe the Univerſal Deluge were effected (as Mr. *Whiſton* ſuppoſes) by the Intervention of a Comet, yet the Comets approach and efficacy was fore-adjuſted and Determin'd to take place, when the Sin of the Earth was full, and Demanded Divine Severity. And ſo the ſame Comet might both Prognoſticate impending Evil and Inſtrumentally Effect it.

4. Amidſt the Irregularities and Enormities that appear in the Mundane Syſtem, the Regularity, Conſtancy and Order that ſhines there, is render'd the more Illuſtrious; and the more ſtrange and Remarkable it is made, that the whole Fabric by this time is not Hurryed and Hurl'd into Confuſion. There is one that Preſides over the Boiſterouſneſs of Matter (as Mr. *Boyle* calls it) and ſays to all the Irregularities & Diſorders there, ſo far ſhall ye go and no further. Thô ſome Impious Minds, perhaps, may take occaſion from thoſe appearing Irregularities, to be Confirm'd in Impiety, and to aſcribe the whole to Inconſiderate Mechaniſm and Chance.

3. Alluding to that of *Virgil*,

——Animæ, quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam
Securos Latices et Longa oblivia potant.

4. Such notion, I ſuppoſe, the Divine *Herbert* intended in that ſomewhat abſtruſe Verſe of His in his *Providence*;

Thy Creatures leap not, but expreſs a Feaſt,
Where all the Gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants;
Frogs marry Fiſh & Fleſh, Bats, Bird & Beaſt,
Sponges Non-ſenſe, & ſenſe; Mines, the Earth & Plants.

Thy Creatures leap not; i. e. They riſe not one above another, in their ſeveral Species, or Specifical Natures, *per Saltum*; or by Leaving any Conſiderable *hiatus*, or *chaſm*, or gap between the ſeveral Species; the Intermediate Species ſtill partake the Nature of the Higher and the Lower, and ſo, therein, Unite both together. Let the Naturaliſts Conſider, whether this may not be a Reaſon, why there are ſo many different Species in the World; of ſome of which we ſee little or no neceſſity or uſe. There is to be but a ſmall difference in the Riſe of one Species above another. And ſo Divine Wiſdom is Illuſtrated.

------*But expreſs a Feaſt*; *Where all the Gueſts ſit cloſe, and nothing wants* Thy Creatures, in the Conſtitution of their ſpecific Natures, are Link'd together, like Gueſts cloſe Planted at a Table, where they all touch each other,

other, or the Arm of one is inſerted within that of his Neighbour, and ſo there remains no Vacancy or Diſtance between 'em.

Frogs marry Fiſh and Fleſh,-------The Frog is an Amphibious Animal; in ſomewhat partaking of Fiſh, in ſomewhat of Fleſh; *Bats, Bird and Beaſt.* It has been a Queſtion, whether the Leathern Bat (as 'tis call'd) be to be annumber'd among Birds or Beaſts, 'tis ſo near akin to either. *Sponges, Non ſenſe and Senſe*; The Sponge has been reckon'd a ſenſible Plant; ſee *Grew's Muſæum Societat. Regal.* p. 252. *Mines, the Earth, and Plants.* Minerals look like middle Natures betwixt common Earth and Vegetables; All which is well Repreſented in *Dillingham's* Tranſlation;

Non faciunt ſaltum, quæ Tu, Bone, cunque creâſti,

Quin Epulum referunt, ubi ab hoſpite proximus hoſpes

Accubat, inque vicem tangunt, ſeſeque prehendunt;

Carnea ſic ranæ Amphibiæ, Piſceique maritant;

Quadrupedem ac Volucrem quibus eſt a veſpere Nomen;

Spongia quod ſentit, ſenſuque carentia jungit,

Tellurem ac Plantas ſociant Ramoſa Metalla.

To all which may be added,

Angelicum, Brutumque Hominis Natura Maritat.

5. This

5. This is one of the ſtrange *Phænomena* belonging to *Spectrum's* or Apparitions, that they or the Spirits therein, can ſo eaſily alter, temper and modify that Syſtem of Matter, they have aſſum'd in order to render themſelves viſible; propoſ'd therefore in a Queſtion, by Dr. *More* to *Des Cartes* for his Conſideration; *Quomodo Sagarum Spiritus, quos vocant, Familiares, Materiam tam apte ſibi adaptant atque conſtringunt?* for the Truth of which He Alledges many Spontaneous Confeſſions made to himſelf; *Hoc autem fieri non ſolum Vetulæ ſed Juvenes Sagæ, nullâ vi Coactæ, Sponte mihi faſſæ ſunt non paucæ. Epiſt.* 2. ad *Renat. Cartes.* Theſe Confeſſions will be impetuouſly deny'd and refuſ'd by thoſe that are reſolv'd to believe no Reports of that Nature; But of them it may be aſk'd, How come ſo many to agree in the ſame Confeſſions? ſo many of different Ages, of the two different Sexes, of different Intereſts, Occupations, Capacities, Climates and Countries? So many in *Great Britain*, in *Swedeland*, *Germany*, *France*, *Swiſs-Cantons*, *New-England &c.*? So many, that by their Confeſſions, loſt their Names, their Liberties and Lives? So many, that made their Confeſſions, to Divines, to Gentlemen, Lawyers, and Judges, thô thereby, they knew they hazarded the Loſs of all they had in the World? Cou'd any thing but Truth prompt them to this? To thoſe that cry that the Suppoſition of ſuch Entercourſe or Contract

with

with ſuch Familiar or Familiariz'd Spirits, is an Impeachment of the Divine Providence, theſe Conſiderations may be propoſ'd.

1. That there are ſuch depths in the Divine Providence, which they cannot Solve; and the Solution of which muſt be Reſerv'd for the Day of the Revelation of the Righteous Judgment of God.

2. Was it any Impeachment of the Divine Providence, that Innocent Man ſhou'd be left to himſelf, and to the Suggeſtions and Eventual Conqueſt of the Prince of Darkneſs?

3. Is it any Impeachment to the Divine Providence, that the Nations of the World were ſo long and ſo Univerſally Deliver'd up to the Worſhip of Idolls, & to the greateſt Idolatry, unto which alſo they were led by the Powers of Hell?

4. Is it any Impeachment to the ſame Providence, that in Chriſtian Countries ſo many are Deliver'd up to thoſe Sins and Luſts, that pleaſe the Devil, and do effectually carry the Comitters of 'em down to the Devil's Territories?

5. Are not Perſons (in Chriſtian Countries eſpecially) taught to Pray, *Lead us not into Temptation, Deliver us from Evil*, and particularly from the Evil one? Is it unjuſt then that they that will not ſo Pray (and perhaps never Solemnly, and Seriouſly ſo pray'd in their Lives) ſhou'd be Reſign'd to the Power of

Him, againſt whom they wou'd not Pray?

6. Is it unjuſt, that ſome deeply deprav'd Souls, that by Envy, Hatred, Malice and other Deviliſh Paſſions have made themſelves unfit for Heaven and Bleſſedneſs there, ſhou'd be ſurrendred to the Power of Him, whoſe Image they have Eminently Contracted? But, alaſs! how little do ſuch Objectors conſider, what is the Wages of Sin, and who has the Power of Death?

6. *Revel.* 20. 11. Whence ſays Mr. *Whiſton*, *At the Final Judgment and Conſummation of all Things, the Earth will Deſert its preſent Seat and Station in the World, and be no longer found among the Planetary Chorus. Theory, Phænom.* 100. Thô what will become of it then, in neither place are we told.

7. *Revel.* 7. 11. 12.

St. 10.

1. It may not ſeem Unſuitable, to Return Thanks for an Interment, if we conſider the Surviving affection the Departed Spirit is generally ſuppoſ'd to bear to the Body; and how Earneſtly thereupon, *Palinurus*, among the Deceaſed Shades, is Repreſented, by the Poet, begging a Sepulchre of *Æneas*,

Quod

Quod Te per cæli jucundam Lumen et Auras,
Per Genitorem oro, per Spem Surgentis Juli,
Eripe me his, invicte, malis, aut tu quoque terram
Injice.

And Dr. *More* tells us a Story of a Gratefull Ghoſt, that in Requital to *Simonides*, that Buryed his Body, warn'd Him of the Danger of his intended Voyage, and ſo ſav'd his Life. *Immort.* Lib. 2. Ch. 16.

2. It is not Eaſy to Determine what parts or Veſſels of the Body are deſign'd by ſome of thoſe Names that are given 'em by *Solomon*, which thô in themſelves alluſive and Metaphorical, as the *Silver Cord*, *the Golden Bowl*, *the Pitcher and Ciſtern*, were doubtleſs as Common and Familiar, among the *Hebrew* Anatomiſts, as ſuch Names, as *Pia and Dura Mater*, *the Pylorus* and *the Porta*, are among ours. But want of Books in *Hebrew* Anatomy muſt make us at a loſs for Application of their Names, as well as want of Books in our Anatomy, wou'd leave them Room enough to gueſs what we cou'd mean by the Figurative Names juſt now mention'd.

Eccleſ. 12. 3. *When the Keepers of the Houſe ſhall Tremble.* The Keepers of the Houſe, or Guards that ſtand Sentinel, are ſuppoſ'd to be the Arms conſiſting of the Shoulders, Elbows, Hands. Theſe upon Death, do not

not tremble, but fall uſeleſs, Motionleſs. So the word muſt be often alter'd from what it is, when the Decay and Decrepitneſs is only intimated.

3. *The Strong Men ſhall Bow themſelves.* Theſe are ſuppoſ'd to be the Back, the Thighs, the Legs and Ankles, the Joints and Muſcles that ſupport the Bulk of the Body.

4. *The Grinders ſhall ceaſe.* Suppoſ'd to be the Teeth. Thereupon the whole Mouth may be compar'd to a Mill.

5. *Thoſe that look out of the Windows be Darkned.* Whether the Animal Spirits be here intended, as Looking out of the Eye, or the Globe of the Eye, as Looking out of its Socket, yet ſomething of that Organ is here uſually underſtood.

6. *The Doors ſhall be ſhut in the Street.* Some by the Doors mean the Senſories, others the Lips, as the Doors of the Mouth. *Hebr.* The Doors *in* or *with* the Street ſhall be ſhut. Poſſibly the *Primæ Viæ* may be intended. The Great Paſſage thro' the Body and all the Avenues of it ſhall be ſtopt and obſtructed. Some paſſages have their Valves, others their Sphincters; What of theſe may be intended, is hard to ſay.

7. *All*

7. *All the Daughters of Muſic ſhall be brought Low.* The Daughters of Muſic, may be either the Receivers of Muſic; the Auditory Organ; or makers of Muſic, the Organs of Melody; So I am willing to underſtand 'em here.

8. *Deſire ſhall Fail.* All Appetites, and Inclinations, Natural and Contracted, are then Extinguiſh'd.

9. *Or ever the Silver Cord be Looſ'd.* Suppoſ'd to be the *Medulla Spinalis*, that runs down the Back-Bone, and Diſtributes nerves about the Ribs and other parts of the Body.

10. *Or the Golden Bowl be Broken.* If the Veſſel here be Denominated *Golden* from the Colour of its Liquor, ſomewhat may be ſaid for underſtanding either the Urinary Bladder, or the Gall-Bladder, But I take it, as uſual, for the *Pia* or *Dura Mater.*

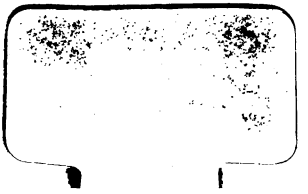
11. *Or the Pitcher be Broken at the Fountain.* I am willing to take the common Interpretation here, That the Fountain is the Heart; But that the *Pitcher* ſhou'd be the *Vein* that fills the Heart (and ſo the Pitcher ſhou'd fill the Fountain) ſeems neither ſo proper, nor ſo probable; I therefore rather take the Great Artery (or *Aorta*) to be the Pitcher, which (as Dr. *Keil* reckons) is Loaded every Hour with four Thouſand Ounces of Blood pour'd out of the Heart. *Animal Secret.* p. 47.

12. *Or the Wheel Broken at the Ciſtern.* This ſeems the moſt Difficult Paſſage of all. That (according to Dr. *Smith*, the Great Interpreter of this Chapter, who hence concludes, That *Solomon* was acquainted with the Circulation of the Blood) The Fountain and Ciſtern ſhou'd be but parts of the ſame Veſſel; the one the Right, and the other, the Left Ventricle of the Heart, ſeems to me not ſo probable. That the Wheel ſhou'd be the *Aorta*, ſeems as improbable. As much may be ſaid, for ought I know, for ſuppoſing the Lungs to be the Wheel, which are ſo continually impell'd to and fro by the Air, and have ſuch an Office in the Circulation; And to which and thro' which the *Arteria pulmonalis* (as a Ciſtern) conveys the Blood and Refunds it again into the Heart. Or ſomewhat may be ſaid for the *Dura Mater's* being the Wheel, which (according to *Bagliwy's* Doctrine) is the *Primum Mobile* in the Humane Machin, has a Natural Pulſation, upon which alſo Depends the Pulſation of the Heart, and Conſequently the whole Circulation. Which ſeems Confirm'd by Dr. *Keil*, when he ſays, *Therefore the Pulſe in the Arteries of the Brain, muſt be very Languid or none at all, upon which account the Motion of the Spirits muſt Ceaſe, and Conſequently that of the Heart. Animal Secret.* p. 93. And then, if the *Dura Mater* be the Wheel, the Brain may be the Ciſtern, as being the Great Canal of the Animal Spirits (or Nervous Fluid) ſent thence into

into all the Body. And now ſomething may be ſaid for the *Spleen's* being the Ciſtern, ſince the Diſcovery the Ingenious Dr. *Keil* has made of its uſe aad Offiae. For, ſays He, *How muſt the Velocity of the Reſt of the Blood (to which the Inteſtine Motion is always proportional) be Abated? Nature has here another Extraordinary Contrivance; She Empties the Blood entirely out of the Veſſels into a Large Spongy Bowel, or rather Ciſtern, provided for that intent and purpoſe.* Which, with Him, is the Spleen. But I fear, the moſt Ingenious Application that can here be made, will be but the moſt Ingenious Conjecture.

13. Some Veſſels belonging to the Body are incredibly ſmall, and platted together and interwoven in curious Works. The Glands are found to be nothing but a Clew or Skain of moſt fine and ſlender Pipes variouſly Roll'd and Folded together. The Lungs and Liver conſiſt of Bunches of ſmall Bladders, overlaid with Blood-Veſſels, woven into admirable Network. *Leeuwenhoeck* takes the Brain (which to us ſeems a Maſs of Thicker Jelly) to be a ſtrange Complication of moſt fine Veſſels into Diverſe Cells and Figures for Diverſe uſes. The Coats of Veſſels are now ſuppoſ'd to be but other Veſſels curiouſly contorted and hang'd together; and thoſe Veſſels to be made of others ſo Complicated and Twiſted; and thoſe of others and ſo on, we know not how far.

Thus

Thus has it been long ago ſaid, That we are Fearfully and Wonderfully made; but certainly never ſo fully Demonſtrated to the World as now. Therefore to this Great Architect of the Body, and to the Former of the yet more Myſterious Spirit of Man within Him, be Glory and Dominion for ever and ever. *Amen.*

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